



4254



EPITAPHIANA.



## EPITAPHIANA.

## The Curiosities of Churchwarden Literature.

10 of 10

## **MICROBIAL CONVERSION OF BITUMES**

10 of 10

## INTRODUCTION

**LYING AN ACCOUNT OF VARIOUS CUSTOMS PRACTICED AMONGST  
THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS IN THE DISPOSAL  
OF THE DEAD.**

**FATIGUE** FSS

**DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION, INSTITUTIONAL COLLEGES MANAGEMENT**  
**INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY OF**  
**ALABAMA** FORT ALMERE A. 1945  
ALL FIELD, COURSES OF STUDY  
IN THE STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA  
AND NEIGHBORING STATES.

10 of 10

SAMUEL TINSLEY PUBLISHER,  
29 NEW BOND STREET, STRAND.

17

[View Details](#) [Edit](#) [Delete](#)



TO

MR. ALBAN CHIVERS,

OF WITTINGTON, SOMERSETSHIRE,

AS A MEMPHIS OF MANY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP,

THIS LITTLE BOOK,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT,

IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

---

A MIDST the multitudinous engagements of the writer he has, during the last twenty-two years, found time to collect the following curiosities of churchyards. The history of the collection might to some be interesting: it now forms a book of some bulk, but in its compilation only a minute or two now and then has been occupied. When the author has found himself in a village with a spare moment, he has frequently been engaged in perusing the literature of the churchyard. (Sometimes, much to his chagrin, he has been locked out, and so disallowed the indulgence of his desires.) Many curious verses have been thus collected in his travels up and down the country.

At first the curiosities collected were simply intended for the author's own private amusement; they have now, however, swollen to such proportions that he has been induced to give them to the world.

Here will be found the epitaphs of many noted persons, and some curious verses from all parts of the kingdom—the sad, serious, witty, and sublime have all found a place in the book; but, whilst the collection embraces many that are sufficiently ludicrous, care has been taken to keep out all that would be offensive to polite ears.

It has often been a matter of surprise to the writer that so much nonsense has been allowed to be engraved and erected in churchyards—showing, no doubt, that our clergymen have not that requisite authority in this matter which they should have. The burial-grounds of Roman Catholics are freer from such doggerel, from the fact that the priest supervises everything that is set up in their churchyards.

For the collection here brought before the public the writer does not claim that it is exhaustive, but that it forms an amusing miscellany, which may occasionally be read as an antidote to *rusi* by those who are suffering from that complaint.

W. FAIRLEY.

*Lydway, 924, July, 1873.*

## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE remarks which are made here are intended to convey a kind of general impression of how dead bodies have been disposed of at different times and places. In this, however, the writer wishes it to be distinctly understood that he does not profess to exhaust the subject—neither time, inclination, nor ability will allow him to undertake such a task; he has no doubt, however, that what is here stated will be found correct, and it may be accepted, as far as it goes, as a contribution to the subject.

### COFFINS AND BANDAGES.

The custom of placing the dead in coffins

previous to burial was not prevalent, except with the Egyptians and Babylonians, in ancient times, as indeed it is not in some countries at the present time. When Lazarus was raised from the dead he was bound in *gross* cloths, most likely such as are now used in Western Africa, where the practice is—not using coffins—to wrap the body in rolls of cloths, around the arms, legs, head, and feet: the ends of the cloth are sewed, or a narrow bandage is wound over the whole.

## EMBALMING.

The practice of embalming dead bodies was very common amongst the Egyptians in ancient times. After Jacob's death his body was embalmed, and the Egyptians mourned for him seventy days. The *modus operandi* of embalming was to lay open the body, remove the intestines, and replace them with desiccative drugs and odoriferous spices.

The anointing of dead bodies previous to

interment was a custom prevailing amongst the Jews, and no doubt our Saviour referred to it when he said to the woman who poured a very precious ointment on his His head (Matt. xxvi. 12), "*Six did it for my burial.*"

## CEMETERIES.

Like our cemeteries of the present day, the Jewish burial-grounds were at a small distance from their cities and villages. The graves of the principal citizens were distinguished by having bausolas, or vaulted chambers, of three, four, or more square yards, built over them; these frequently lay open, and afforded to passers-by shelter from the inclemency of the weather—hence the expression (Mark v. 3), "dwelling among the tombs."

The places which the Hebrews appropriated for the burial of their dead were both public and private. Thus, in the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, we read that Abraham had for a posses-

soon the field of Machpelah as a burying place, and again we read (Judges viii. 32) that Joash had a sepulchre, in which Gideon his son was buried and Samson was interred in the burying place of his father Manoah (Judges xvi. 31) Asahel likewise was buried in the sepulchre of his father which was in Bethlehem (2 Sam. ii. 37) The bones of Saul and Jonathan his son were buried in the country of Benjamin in Zelah, in the sepulchre of Kish his father (2 Sam. xxvii. 14) So much for the private burial places Reference is made to public cemetenes in 2 Kings xxiii. 6 where we read of the graves of the children of the people and in Jeremiah xxvi. 23 we learn that the dead body of Urijah was cast into the graves of the common people

## CAVES

The places of sepulture of the Jews were selected sometimes in gardens or fields, but more

generally in hollow places, or in rocks or caves, and their sepulchres were whitewashed, for the sake of ornament and to prevent illness.

The tombs in the necropolis of Seia were cut out of the sides of the rock surrounding the ancient city.

The tombs of the prophets referred to by our Saviour in Matt xxiv 39 situated on the western declivity of the Mount of Olives are large excavations having numerous cells to deposit bodies in.

The sides of the Valley of Jehosaphat are everywhere studded with tombs excavated in the rocks.

The tombs of the kings, near Jerusalem exhibit the remains of a magnificent edifice excavated from the solid rock (Bastow).

#### TUMULI

The tumuli mounds or barrows which have been found we might almost say in all quarters

of the globe are said to be the most ancient and general of all monuments to the dead the researches of archaeologists of the present day show that they were places in which the ancients deposited their dead. The earliest we read of is that which was erected over the remains of Patroclus the friend of Achilles and in whose memory the Greeks established solemn funeral games. In the mounds of various parts of Assyria and Mesopotamia funeral vases and glazed earthen coffins are found piled up in great numbers.

#### *PYRAMIDS*

It is conjectured by some that the Egyptian Pyramids were erected for sepulchral purposes the largest one is that which is supposed to contain the bones of Cheops and we have read somewhere that 100 000 men worked without interruption for twenty years in building this enormous pyramid.

**MAUSOLEUMS**

The word mausoleum now used to signify a sepulchral edifice is from Mausolus the King of Caria who died 353 years before Christ and whose Queen Artemisia caused to be erected to his memory the most splendid sepulchral monument the world had seen which was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world.

**BURNING THE DEAD**

It has been customary in many countries to burn the dead and to collect the ashes in urns. This custom of reducing the remains to ashes by fire still prevails in some parts as will be seen in the sequel.

**PERSIAN CUSTOMS**

The Zoroastrians or fire worshippers in Persia do not bury the dead but expose the bodies on rocks or the towers of the temples to be eaten by birds.

**CUSTOMS AT SOUTH AFRICA.**

The burial customs of South Africa are singular thus, in the country around Pungo Andongo the ancient burial places of the Janga are said to be simply large mounds of stones with drinking and cooking utensils of rude pottery on them.

The monuments are sometimes built up in a circular form like hay cocks and contain no inscriptions. Amongst the people cross roads seem to be much liked as sites for burial purposes.\*

**CUSTOMS AT NAPLES.**

In Naples the disposition of the dead appears to be according to the wealth or poverty of the living and the remains of one who dies with out possessions are treated in a "raw" and "uncultivated" manner. There are here two cemeteries viz Campo Santo Nuovo and Campo

---

\* For detailed particulars see Dr Livingstone's *Travels in Africa*, pp. 359, 414, etc.

Santo Vecchio both on the north-east side of the city situated not far from each other

Campo Santo Nuovo is situated on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the city and the mountains we might compare it to a garden full of shady trees and flowers which fill the air with sweet narcotic perfumes Here the grave monuments are to be seen in the form of streets and arrange themselves in rows on both sides Others stand isolated in groups or like a small death town In Campo Santo Nuovo there are three classes of funerals which are carried out with more or less luxury according to the price the third class for the poor consists in simply placing the dead into a coffin—which is carried into effect at a cost of twenty francs These however who do not leave behind them this sum cannot be buried in Campo Santo Nuovo but must be interred in Campo Santo Vecchio thus is the great paupers churchyard of Naples who ever may have witnessed a funeral here will not

be likely to call the churchyard holy ground, but will compare it with a field where scavengers' sweepings are deposited as the remains are here carelessly tipped out and this kind of funeral ceremony is performed by the Neapolitan Corporation.\*

#### CUSTOMS OF THE NORTH WESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS

In lieu of coffins boxes are used into which the bodies are doubled which however are not placed underground but up trees around the boxes are hung the property of the deceased blankets etc. Another way is to put the box into a tent or house with trinkets and household implements around the box being supported by trestles. A third method is to place the body in a canoe. On an island in the Columbia River there used to be quite a collection of canoes with such freights and Deadman's Island in Victoria

---

\* See article "Eine Statte des Ketzertums," in *Garten Lauten*.

Harbour, is another place where many of the bodies are placed in canoes.

It is likewise customary amongst the Tsupsheans the Takahs and most of the Southern Oregonia and Californian tribes to burn the body and either bury or hang up the ashes in the lodge with the body as burnt the deceased's broken canoes and such of his blankets as are not sold.\*

#### THE CATACOMBS OF ROME

These subterraneous galleries are both singular and interesting and offer the most valuable sources of study both to the archeologist and theologian here we learn the condition of the Christians in primitive times. These underground galleries were used as Christian places of burial, refuge, and worship from the end of the first century. There are about sixty catacombs the largest

---

\* For a full description of these customs see Dr. Robert Brown's new and excellent work the "Races of Mankind," pp. 107 to 111.

of which has twenty miles of galleries which branched off in every direction under the Campania.

Altogether there are about 500 miles of passages containing about six millions of graves. Some of the underground chambers were decorated with coloured paintings which gave interesting pictures of the system of the catacombs—which were not used exclusively by Christians but by Jews and Pagans as well.

By a survey of these subterranean passages we learn two great facts viz. that the ancient Christians left no evidence that they worshipped martyrs or the Virgin Mary or that they entertained the supremacy of the Pope. It was customary for both Pagans and Christians to put the emblems of their trade upon their tombs.

#### INSCRIPTIONS

That inscriptions on sepulchres were used in early times may be inferred from the 16th and

## INTRODUCTION

17th verses of the xx. chap of 1 Kings.  
Amongst the Greeks the honour of an inscription  
was only paid to the tomb of a hero.

The tombs of the Romans were usually situated  
on the highway and those who consecrated a  
tomb or the dead had the privilege of writing  
the name. Many of the epitaphs commenced  
with *Haec via est ad auctum atten-  
tione passers by* which expression is to this day  
maintained by the English who commence many of  
the verses with the words *Sed ad eam*.

The epitaphs of the Romans were brief & simple,  
and familiar—three quatrains which have been  
considered very desirable in this kind of literature  
and which might be introduced into other  
classes with benefit.

The custom of placing inscriptions on tombs  
was introduced into England by the Romans  
after their invasion of this country. Up to the  
end of the twelfth century Latin prevails on the  
tombs during the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-

tunes French was used but after that time the vernacular came into general use.

The inscriptions on the tombs of the present day are of a very varied character as we shall show in the following pages.

#### GERMAN CUSTOMS

The custom of inserting in the newspapers a special advertisement recording the death of friends is very common throughout Germany. The writer has just met with one of these announcements which even for that country is singular. The *Lübecker Tagblatt* in a recent number records a death in the following manner —

The day before yesterday at the sixth hour died my dearly beloved lie Pauline maiden name Vorst after a short illness and six months of married happiness in the 29th year of her age. Whoever knew her will be able to estimate my grief. Moritz Knodel prays for sympathy.

N.B.—The bassoon of my dear wife at the weekly

market will be carried on as usual. From London  
Tuesday 14th June 1873

Like that of England the churchyard literature is very various and occasionally very dull (See No. 346.)

## EPITAPHIAN LITERATURE

There are several books already before the public written exclusively on epitaphs as subjects. We may mention a few for example — Webb's Epitaphs, Pulleyn's Collection, Wandler's Grabern von Freiburg 1817. Weber speaks of a Laungten Grabschriften of 1786 of which we cannot state any particulars and there is an old book called Epitaphia jocoscens latina gallica italica hispanica Iustinianica et belgica collegi t T Swertus Antwerp 1645 two thirds of this collection is in Latin and many of the examples given are considered good. In Carl Julius Weber's Demokritas there is an essay entitled Weber Komische Grabschriften.

from which a little matter has been borrowed in the writing of this introduction. The writer remembers having seen other collections but cannot bring to mind whilst he is writing the correct titles of them.

In the *Poet's Orchard* a poetical work by the Rev. Thos. Marsden there are several original epitaphs given which are remarkable for nothing perhaps excepting the simplicity. The following is a fair specimen —

W. th n. h's grave  
L'es. William Dove

For more of the same sort the reader is referred to the work itself.

Verses and quotations are often misplaced on tombstones. Charles Lamb in a letter to Wordsworth 19th October 1810 gives an example of this sort where he says that a Wellington church yard is to be seen an epitaph on an infant who died *Aetatis four months* with the following

inscription appended "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," etc : The following is another specimen of the same description, copied by the writer from a stone in Pembrey churchyard at first sight it was supposed to be a verse of poetry it turned out however, to be four lines of Scripture and John Bunyan jumbled together —

Set th ac house in order  
For thou shalt die  
Christus at the a ght of  
Cross loses his burden

Lamb was not pleased with the nonsense that was to be met with in his day on tombstones, and in his New Year's Eve said, "I conceive disgust at those impudent and unbecoming familiarities inscribed upon your ordinary tomb stones." He evidently thought burial subjects should be treated in a more serious manner he once said in a letter to Bernard Barton, 17th Sep-

tember, 1823, that "nature does not look pretty upon a tombstone." He wanted the inscriptions to contain some useful lessons to the living and in a letter to Mr Coleridge dated October 23rd 1802 says, "When men go off the stage so early, it scarce seems a noticeable thing in their epitaphs whether they had been wise or silly in their lifetime." We love to dwell on all that he has said on this subject, for there is always a heartiness about his expressions. Of his fine feelings and chaste words the following is an example. In a letter to Mr Manning he sent an epitaph which he scribbled over on a ' poor girl, who died at nineteen a good girl and a pretty girl, and a clever girl, but strangely neglected by all her friends '—

Under this cold marble stone  
Sleep the sad remains of one  
Who when alive by few or none  
Was loved as loved she might have been  
If she prosperous days had seen  
Or had thriving been, I ween.

Only this cold funeral stone  
Tells she was beloved by one  
Who on the marble graves has moan.

Women sometimes wish for an opportunity to be revenged on their husbands. As an example of this we may relate that the wife of a man named Baldwin of Lymington Hampshire had made a vow to dance over his grave — they had not lived happily together. To defeat her design Baldwin left special instructions that his body should be sunk in the sea in Scratchall's Bay off the Needles Isle of Wight and it appears his body was disposed of on the 20th May 1736 as the parochial register of Lymington records.

Many epitaphs are repeated in different church yards and as to Affliction some long time I bore the writer does not know where it is not to be found as many as a dozen copies of it having been found in some churchyards. The blacksmith's epitaph My sledge and hammer

the declined may be found in Cansbrooke,  
Isle of Wight Felpham in Sussex Westham  
in Essex Chipping Sodbury and Houghton,  
Hants

She was but reason forb do me to say what  
although a strange verse for a gravestone is to  
be found in several places—as Monkwearmouth  
Swansea Clerkenwell Lambeth and Bolton  
(See Nos 4 189 292 329 and 337)

The provincialism of a district may frequently  
be detected in country churchyards thus when  
the poet rhymes *praise* with *raw* we may be pretty  
sure in guessing him to be a Gloucestershire  
man though we might be unable to fix him at  
Wapley where the lines are engraved. The  
verse runs thus —

Now at that great and joyful day  
When all men must arise  
I hope to be amongst the just,  
A singer of His praise.

The same thing may be detected at Berkeley,

where the poet makes *day* and *ay* to rhyme  
(See 356.)

Of epigrammatic epitaphs there are many that  
on a Cardinal is the best we have met with —

Here lies a Cardinal who wrought  
Both good and evil in his time,  
The good he did was good for nought  
Not so the ev'l that was prime

In Bath Abbey is to be found the following  
gentle piece of satire —

These walls adorned with monumental bust,  
Shew how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

A couplet which reminds us of the Cheltenham  
epitaph —

Here lies I and my three daughters  
Killed by drinking Cheltenham waters  
Had we a stash to Epsom salts  
We'd not a bair lying in these ere vaults.

And not to burden our readers with French

## *INTRODUCTION*

epitaphs we are tempted to give one which is like many others very amusing —

C g t man undt Ebene  
S i e b e n qu i s y t e n n e \*

There is in Erfurt an interesting epitaph of which Luther speaks in his Table Talk and which is grounded on a historical fact —

H er unter d esem Stein  
Liegt begraben alle n  
Der Vater und se ne Tochter  
Der Bruder und se ne Schwester  
Der Mann und se n We b  
Und se n doch nur z ve Le b †

---

\* Which may be freely rendered thus

Beneath our feet lies dear old uncle Stephen  
If he's all right, he will not be far wrong

† Here beneath this stone  
Lie buried alone  
The father and his daughter  
The brother and his sister  
The man and his wife  
And only two bodies

Without attempting an explanation, we leave this riddle to be solved by our readers, after which they may peruse the French one, No. 124 of this collection.

There is satire in that on a German Doctor

Herr ruht man lieber Arzt Herr Grusse  
Und die er lie neben ihm\*

And the couplet following is not without some wit —

Befreit doch mich arme Graft  
O Wandrer von diesem Schuft††

Both the English and the French have a parallel for the German lines which record the calm state of mind of a bereaved husband —

\* Herr lies my adv sir Dr Grusse,  
And there he healed—near here.

† In this case a literal translation cannot be given in rhyme, but it may be rendered thus —

We hope the wanderer now is willing  
To free the grave from this great villain.

Mein Web-deck't dieser Grabstein zu  
Für Ihre und für meine Ruh \*

---

\* Hier liegt my web  
A fact that must tell  
For her repose  
And for mine as well

## EPISTAPHIANA

---

1 From Preston Churchyard near Weymouth —

One and forty years  
In wedlock we have been  
Ten children we have had  
But one is to be seen

2 On an Avaricious Man —

At rest beneath this churchyard stone  
Lies strong JEWELL WYATT  
He died one morning just at ten and  
Saved a dinner by it.

3 From Budford Churchyard —

The wedding day appointed was  
And wedding clothes provided  
But ere that day did come alas !  
He sickened and lie—died !

## 4 From Monkwearmouth Churchyard —

In Memory oF Sarah WillLock Wife of John Willlock Wo Died August 15 1873 Aged 46 Years She was But Reason ForBids me to Sa what But think what a woman should Be and she was that. (See 18p 292)

## 5 From a Graveyard in Cheraw South Carolina and elsewhere —

*My name my country what are they to thee ?  
What, whether h gh or low my pedigree ?  
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men  
Perhaps I fell below them all —what then ?  
Suffice it stranger that thou seest a tomb  
They know st its use it hides—no matter whom*

## 6 From a Welsh Churchyard —

*I lie in an inn upon a market-day  
Some short pused pilgrims breakfast and away  
Some do to dinner stay and get full fed.  
And others after supper steal to bed  
Large are the bills who longer out the day  
The shortest stayers have the least to pay*

## 7 From Llangering Churchyard, Montgomery-share —

O earth O earth observe this well—  
That earth to earth shall come to dwell  
Then earth on earth shall close remain  
Till earth from earth shall rise again.

8 From the same place —

From earth my body first arose  
But here to earth again it goes  
I never deserve to have it more  
To plague me as it did before

9 The following lines, said to have been written by SHAKESPEARE are inscribed on a flat stone which marks the spot where he is buried in the churchyard of Stratford on Avon —

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here  
Blessed be he that spares these stones  
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

10 On a Country Sexton —

Herr lies old HARE, worn out with care  
Who whilom tolled the bell  
Could dig a grave or set a stave  
And say Amen full well

For sacred songs he'd Sternhold's tongue  
 And Hopkins's eye also  
 With cough and hem he stood by them  
 As far as lungs would go.  
 Many a feast for worms he drest,  
 Himself then wanting bread  
 But lo! he's gone w th skin and bone  
 To starve 'em now he's dead  
 Here take his spade and use h's trade  
 Since he is out of breath  
 Cover the bones of him who once  
 Wrought journey-work for Death.

## 11. On a Baker —

RICHARD FULLER lies buried here  
 Do not withhold the crystal tear  
 For when he lived he daily fed  
 Woman and man and child w th bread  
 But now alas! he's turn'd to dust  
 As thou and I and all soon must  
 And lies beneath th' turf so green  
 Where worms do daily feed on him.

## 12. On JOHN SO

The following lines were some years ago found among the papers of an old man of the

name of John So who passed the greater part of his life in obscurity within a few miles of Port Glasgow and the handwriting leads to the conclusion that it was written by himself —

So d ed Jours So  
So so d d he so  
So d d he l ve  
And so d d he d e  
So so d d he so ?  
And so let h m l e

### 13. On the Provost of Dundee

Some years since a Mr. Dickson who was provost of Dundee in Scotland died and by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him which sum he directed his three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet agreed to meet and share the guinea amongst them each contributing a line to the epitaph which ran as follows —

*First*—Here lies Dickson Provost of Dundee.  
*Second*—Here lies Dickson Here lies he.

The third was put to it for a long time but unwilling to lose his share of the gamea vociferously bawled out —

Hallelujah—hallelujah

14 From Marnhull Churchyard —

Remember me as you pass by  
 As you are now so once was I  
 As I am now so you must be  
 Therefore prepare to follow me

Underneath these lies some one wrote in blue paint —

To follow you I'm not content  
 Unless I knew which way you went

15 On an innkeeper at Eton —

I fear an inn my house will show t—  
 I thought so once but now I know it.  
 Mans ! Ge at but a winter's day  
 Some only breakfast and away  
 Others to dinner stay and are full fed  
 The oldest man but sups and then to bed  
 Large is his debt who lingers out the day  
 He who goes soonest has the least to pay

There is more than one example of this epitaph extant. No 6 appears to be an abbreviation of it. The two first lines here are like the epitaph said to have been written by Gay (See No 17.)

16 On a Lawyer and his Client —

God works wonders now and then  
Here I as a lawyer and an honest man

Answered

This is a mere law quibble not a wonder  
Here I as a lawyer and his client under

17 From a Churchyard in Devonshire —

For me deceased weep not my dear  
I am not dead but sleepeth here  
Your time will come—prepare to die  
Wait but a while you'll follow I

18 From a Burial ground in the Crimea

Sacred to the memory of FREDERICK SRAITT private  
Royal Mariner late of Her Majesty's Ship *Bellerophon*  
who departed this life on the 21st April 1855 at the  
age of 35 years —

Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud  
He fought many battles both at home and abroad  
But the fiercest engagement he ever was in  
Was the battle of self in the conquest of sin.

19 By GEORGE JOSLYN Shoemaker of Wallsend  
intended for his own tombstone —

My cutting boards to pieces split  
My stock measures no more feet  
My lasts are broke all into holes  
My blunted knife cuts no more holes  
My fiddling caps to thumbs are worn  
My aprons to tie my store  
My well ties out my awls are broken  
And merry glee are all forgotten.  
No more I'll use black ball or red  
My copperas and my shop tubs frozen.  
No more I'll have occasion for course of work  
Nor count dead horse or kick the neck.  
My pinchers are with age grown smooth  
And bones grow little worth.  
My lapstone's broke my colours done  
My gum glass's broke my paste all run,  
My hammer head's broke off the shaft  
No more Saint Monday with the craft.  
My dippers, tack, strap and rag

And all my kit has got the bag  
 My ends are sewn my pegs are driven,  
 And now I'm on the tramp to heaven

## 20 From Houghton Churchyard Hunts —

My sledge and hammer I've decl ned  
 My bellows too have lost the r wood.  
 My fire's spent my forge decay'd  
 My v ee's on the dust all laid  
 My coal's spent my iron gone  
 My nail's are drove, my work's done  
 My fire dr ed corpse here lies at rest,  
 My soul smoke like sea's to be beat

## 21 On an Italian —

I was well  
 Wished to be better  
 Took physic and died !

## 22 Counseled to all —

Live well—die never  
 Die well—live for ever

This is said to be in Kingston Churchyard,  
 Hunts

## 23 On E. N. —

At the Exter end of this tree stonc here dooth by the  
Letle Bone of Walter Spomer that fine boy that was his  
friends only joy He was Drownd at Melham's Brdg  
the 20th of August 1692

## 24 On an Infidel —

Here lies a deer long in doubt  
If death could kill h's soul or not  
Here ends his doubtfulnes, at last  
Convinced—but oh! the die is cast!

25 From a Gravestone now in use near Bridge  
house —

Here lies the body of Fanny the daughter of John  
Howard who departed this life the 4th day of February,  
1774, in the fifth year of her age.

The explanation given is that the gravestone  
was carried by a flood in the Calder from Pippenden  
to the spot near which it is now used

26 From a pane of glass of a Somersetshire  
Inn, —

Here lies TOMMY MONTAGUE  
 Whose love for angling daily grew  
 He died regretted while late out  
 To make a capture of a trout

27 From Ockham Churchyard —

Though many a standy oak he had along  
 Felled by Deaths surer hatchet here lies SPOON  
*Parts* he oft made yet never a place could get,  
 And I ved by *ravv* y<sup>r</sup> though he had no wit  
*Old saws* he had although no art quaman.  
 And *saws* corrected yet was no grammarian

28 On a Watchmaker in Lydford Churchyard,  
 on the borders of Dartmoor —

Here lies in her seantal position  
 the outside case of  
 GEORGE ROUTLEIGH watchmaker  
 Whose abilities in that line were an honour  
 to his profession  
 Integrity was the Manspring and prudence the  
 Regulator  
 of all the actions of his life  
 Humane generous and liberal,  
 his Head never stopped

till he had received distress  
So easily regulated were all his motions  
that he never went wrong  
except when set a going  
by people  
who did not know his Key  
even then he was easily  
set right again

He had the art of disposing his time so well  
that his hours glided away  
in one continual round  
of pleasure and delight  
till an unlucky minute put a period to  
his existence

He departed this life

Nov 14 1802

aged 57

wound up

in hopes of being taken in hand

by his Maker

and of being thoroughly cleaned repaired

and set a going

in the world to come

### 39 On a Miser —

Here lies one who lived unloved, and died un lamented.

who denied plenty to himself assistance to his friends, and relief to the poor who starved his family oppressed his neighbours and plagued himself to gain what he could not enjoy. At last, Death more merciful to him than he was to himself released him from care and his family from want and here he lies with the unknown he untried and with the soul he loved in fear of a resurrection lest his heirs should have spent the money he left behind having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt or thieves break through and steal.

### 30 From Royton Churchyard

JOHN KAY a Lancashire mathematician, died on the 31st December 1824 in the 43rd year of his age. His remains were interred in Royton Churchyard, and the place where he rests is marked by a plain stone bearing the following inscription —

In mathematics soared his noble mind,  
Peace robed his soul—he felt for all mankind  
He loved true virtue but disliked vain pride,  
Truth was his aim and reason was his guide.

### 31. On a Miser (See Nos. 3, 29, etc.) —

Iron was his chest  
 Iron was his door  
 His head was iron  
 And his heart was more.

### 33. On a London Cook —

Peas to his Hashes  
 meaning of course  
 Peace to his ashes

### 33. From Bath

On the interior walls of the Widcombe Church, Bath, are a few monuments of interest, from which the following dated February, 1610, is taken —

Die February 1610

JANE GAY of Eyles here lies under this  
 Whom many loved living whom died many muse  
 A wife she was, of right honest skill —  
 Though here she lyes dead her fame liveth still

In the present Church of St Mary Magdalen, of the same city, which was repaired in 1760, and again enlarged by the addition of a chancel

in the years 1823 and 1824 is a small building, erected by Prior Cantlow between the years 1489 and 1499 with a small battlemented turret for a bell at the west end and a south porch in which is the following incised inscription in black letter —

Thys chapell floryschyd wt formasyte spectabyll.

In the honore of M Magdalene prior Cantlow hath edifyed

Desyning you to pray for hym wt youre p[re]yers delectabyll

That sche w[ill] shabyt hym n hewyn there ever to abyde

#### 34 From a Tombstone in Ireland —

Here lies the body of JOHN MOWD  
Lost at sea and never found

This is comparable with the Welsh one No 176

#### 35 From a Cemetery near Cincinnati —

Here lies \_\_\_\_\_  
who came to this city and died  
*for the benefit of his health.*

## 36 From an Irish Churchyard

Patrick O'Brien was one day strolling with a friend through a graveyard when his eye was arrested by an epitaph which shocked his sense of propriety and veracity. It ran thus —

Weep not for me my ch loren dear  
I am not dead but sleeping here

Well said Paddy if I was dead I should  
be honest enough to own it

## 37 From America.

Both the Irish and Americans give us something to laugh at when they handle epitaphian matters. The following is from a tombstone in Oxford, New Hampshire —

To all my friends I bid adieu  
A more sudden death you never knew  
As I was leading the old mare to drink  
She kick'd and kill'd me quicker'n a wink.

In Whitby Churchyard there is an epitaph, the

sentiment of which is very similar to this. (See No 194.)

38 From St Peter's Churchyard, Barton —

Doom'd to rece ve half my soul held dear  
The other half w th grief she left me here  
Ask not her name for she was true and just  
Once a fine woman now a heap of dust.

No name is recorded on the stone but the year 1777 is given as the date. A curious and romantic legend attaches to the ep' taph. In the above year an unknown lady of great beauty who was conjectured to have loved not wisely but too well came to reside in the town. She was accompanied by a gentleman who left her after making lavish arrangements for her comfort. She was proudly reserved in her manners, frequently took long solitary walks and studiously avoided all intercourse. She died in giving birth to a child and without disclosing her name or family connections. After her decease the gentle-

man who came with her arrived, and was overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence which awaited him. He took the child away without unravelling the secret having first ordered the stone to be erected and delivered into the mason's hands the verse which is at once a mystery and a memento —

#### 39 On LORD BROUGHAM

It is said that this distinguished nobleman, once in a playful mood wrote the following epitaph for himself —

Here reader turn your weeping eyes  
My fate a useful moral teaches  
The hole in which my body lies  
Would not contain one half my speeches.

#### 40 From a Montgomeryshire Churchyard

In this churchyard there are some remarkably large yew trees beneath one of them is a grave-stone with the following inscription —

Under th s yew tree  
Buried would I be,  
For my father and me  
Planted ths yew tree.

#### 41 From Gloucester

On a youth of the name of CALF who was  
burned in Gloucester Cathedral —

Oh cruel death more subtle than the Fox  
To kill ths CALF before he came an Ox !

(Poet by W. F.)

The writer has an idea that there is a German  
epitaph similar to this as there certainly is one  
in French —

O git le jeune JEAN LE VEAU  
Sans devenir Boeuf ou Taureau

Which may be rendered —

JOHN CALF junior both here  
Without becoming Ox or Steer

#### 42 On a Poet —

Here let a bard uncommed rest  
Who no dull critic dares molest,

*EPITAPHIA*

44

Escaped from the fam'lar ill  
Of threadbare coat and unpaid bill  
From rough bairn baith upstart dunce,  
From aacer'ng pr'dess detested sons  
From all those pest'ring ill's of life  
From worse than all a *sailing wife*

43 On a Surgeon —

Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,  
An hosp'tal surgeon thorough  
Who bled for h'is own and h'is country's good  
And St. Thomas's Hosp'tal Borough.

44 From Hordle near Lyngton

The Poacher's Friend — In the churchyard of Hordle there was erected in 1856, a granite obelisk to the memory of the late J. COLLITT, Esq. who will be remembered for his strong antagonism to the Game Laws supporting his views by almost indiscriminately paying the fines inflicted on parties convicted of poaching whose cases were brought under his notice. Besides

recording the date of his death etc the obelisk has the following inscription —

Ci git I am du Braons er  
Here lies the Friend of the peacher

#### 45 From Bath Abbey —

Near this place  
lie interred the remains of MARY  
ANN second Daughter  
of George Watts Esq and Anne his wife  
who died (after a long illness)  
February 14th 1813 Aged 15  
She lived beloved  
And died lamented

#### 46 On LADY MILLER in Bath Abbey —

Near this monument are deposited the Remains of  
**LADY MILLER**  
Wife to Sir John Miller Bart of Bath Easton Villa.  
She departed this life at the Hotwells of Bristol, the 29th  
June 1781 in the Forty first year of her Age

Doubtless Stone! amidst the wrecks of Time,  
Uninsured bear thy Miller spotless Name

The Virtues of her Youth and open'd Fame  
 The tender thought th' enduring Record claim  
 When clos'd the numerous eyes that round the Bear  
 Have wept the Loss of w<sup>e</sup> de extended Worth  
 O gentle Stranger may one generous Tear  
 Drop as thou badest o'er the hallow'd Earth  
 Are Truth and Genius Love and P<sup>t</sup>ty thac<sup>t</sup>?  
 With lib<sup>al</sup> Charity and Faith's acre?  
 Then rest thy wandering Step beneath th' shrine  
 And greet a hundred Spurts hovering near

## 47 On JAMES CURRY in Bath Abbey

Underneath his bust is the following inscription —

OB MDCCLXVI

STAT LXXXI

That tongue which set the table on a roar  
 And charm'd the public ear is heard no more  
 Clos'd are those eyes the harbinger of wet  
 Which spake before the tongue what SHAKESPEAR  
 writ  
 Cold is that hand which living was stretched forth,  
 At friendship's call to succour modest worth,

Here lies JAMES QUIN de go reader to be taught  
 Whate er thy strength of body force of thought  
 In nature's happy est mould however cast  
 To th's complex on thou must come at last

D GARRETT

48 On JOHN COLLIER alias Tim Bower the  
 Lancashire Poet

He was a nat'g' of Rochdale and h's tomb  
 stone bears the following inscript on —

Here lies JOHN and I knowe MARY  
 Cheek by jowl and never wea y  
 No wonder they so well agree  
 John wants no punch nor Moll no tea.

49 On MAREEY SCOTT in the Churchyard of  
 Dalkeith near Edinburgh —

Stop! Reader stop until my life you've read  
 The living may ga n knowledge from the dead.  
 Five times five years I lived a virgin & I le;  
 Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife,  
 Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste  
 Now tired of this mortal life—I rest.

I from my cradle to my grave have seen  
 Eight eighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen  
 Four times five years the Commonwealth I saw  
 Ten times the subjects rose against the Law  
 Twice did I see the old Palace pulled down  
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown  
 An end of Stewart's wind law—nay more  
 I saw my country sold for English ore  
 Such desolations as my time have been  
 I have an end of all perfection seen

## 50 On FRANCIS GROSE

Grose was an Author of some Topographical works—a fact which gave the writer of his epitaph the opportunity of punning as follows —

Here lies FRANCIS GROSE,  
 On Thursday May 12 1791  
 Death put an end to  
 His *sensu* and *propositi* /

## 51 From old Grey Friars, at Edinburgh —

Here stug in grave my wif doth lie,  
 Now she is at rest and so am I.

Several epitaphs of a similar description are to be met with in different parts of the world—52 for example a from our Ant poles No 53 may however have the preference as it is simply a quotation from the Sacred Scriptures

52 From an Austral an Graveyard —

Here lies my dear PO LV a tomb e shrew  
If I sa d I was sorry I should e too

According to Major Anstis this is to be seen  
in Peru la Chacce

53 From a Churchyard in Sussex —

Here lies the body of SARAH wife of John ---  
who died 24th March 1833 aged 43 years  
"The Lord giveth and the Lord TAKETH AWAY  
blessed be the name of the Lord

54 I have not been able to trace the origin of the  
following so give it merely as it was com-  
municated to me —

Here lies my wife ERIN  
Who in her time made me goddy

Here she lies without bed or blanket,  
As dead as a door-nail,—the Lord be thanked.

55. On HONEST NED :—

Here lies HONEST NED,  
Because he is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
We had much rather ;  
Had it been his mother,  
We had rather than the other ;  
Had it been his sister,  
We never should have miss'd her :  
But since it is only Ned,  
There's no more to be said.

It is said that a similar epitaph was suggested for Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. (See likewise No. 103.)

56. From the Cathedral Yard, Winchester :—

Here rests in peace a Hampshire grenadier,  
Who killed himself by drinking poor small beer.  
Soldiers, be warned by his untimely fall,  
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all.

The memorial having fallen into decay in 1781,

it was then restored at the expense of some officers, who added the following couplet :—

An honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he die by musket or by pot.

57. From a Welsh Churchyard :—

Two lovely babes lie buried here,  
As ever bless'd their parents dear ;  
But they were seized with ague fits,  
And here they lie as dead as nits.

58. On DANIEL SAUL, formerly in St. Dunstan's, Stepney :—

" Here lies the body of DANIEL SAUL,  
Spitalfields weaver—and that's all.

A similar couplet is to be found in Addison's *Spectator* :—

Here lies JOHN HALL,  
Spitalfields weaver—and that's all.

59. From a Graveyard near Birmingham :—

Oh, cruel Death! why were thou so unkind,  
 To take the one, and leave the other behind?  
 Thou shouldest have taken both or neither,  
 Which would have been more agreeable to the survivor.

60. From Grantham Churchyard :—

JOHN PALSYMAN, which lieth here,  
 Was aged twenty-four year,  
 And near this place his mother lies,  
 Also his father when he dies.

61. From a Churchyard near Salisbury :—

Oh! Sun, Moon, Stars, and ye celestial Powers!  
 Are graves, then, dwindled into *Bacca-hair*?

62. On Dr. BANCROFT, Archbishop of Canterbury.

He was of a very covetous disposition,—a fact  
 that appears not to have been overlooked in  
 writing his epitaph :—

Here lies his Grace, in cold clay clad,  
 Who died for want of what he had.

63. From Chichester Cathedral. On a Crier of  
 Periwinkles :—

"Periwinks, Periwinkles!" was ever her cry;  
 She laboured to live, poor and honest to die.  
 At the last day again how her old eyes will twinkle!  
 For no more will she cry, "Periwinks, Periwinkle!"  
 Ye rich, to virtuous want regard pray give;  
 Ye poor, by her example, learn to live.

Died Jan. 1, 1786, Aged 77.

#### 64. On Miss Long :—

She was a beautiful young lady, but so short  
 that she was, when alive, called the "Pocket  
 Venus." The epitaph concluded, alluding to  
 her when alive :—

Though Long, yet short,  
 Though short, yet *pretty* Long.

#### 65. From St. Paul's, Covent Garden. On Mr. JAMES WORSBALY :—

Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf,  
 A friend to all mankind—except himself.

As a contrast to this we submit the following :—

#### 66. On a Miser :—

Here lies old SPARGES,  
Who died to save charges.

## 67. On ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, on the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July, 1796, aged 37 years and about 6 months, leaving a widow and four sons. The following is his epitaph :—

Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay,  
Which once a vital spark from Heavens inspired !  
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day,  
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.  
While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres,  
While mountain streams descend to swell the main,  
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years—  
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain.

## 68. From Barton Stacey Churchyard, Hants.

On MR. JOHN COLLINCE :—

Where 'twas I liv'd or dy'd, it matters not ;  
To whom related, or by whom begot ;

I was, but am not; ask no more of me;  
It's all I am, and all that you must be.

## 69. On a Country Sexton:—

He that carried many a body brave,  
Was carried by a fever to the grave;  
He carried, and was carried; that's even:  
Lord! make him Porter to the gates of Heaven!

70. From Bishop Cumming's Churchyard,  
Wiltshire:—

At my right hand lies my son JOHN,  
As we did lay in bed;  
And there do lay till Christ do say,  
"Come out ye dead."

## 71. On a Famous Boxer:—

Dough took him in the UPPER VIEW,  
And gave him such a BEAT;  
The grapple turn'd him black and blue,  
And made him shift his place.  
PARTS OF ACCESS he next assailed,  
With such a KNOCK-DOWN BLOW  
As never yet to mortals fail'd  
A total overthrow.

## 72. On the Wife of Dr. Greenwood.

MRS. GREENWOOD was buried in Southampton Churchyard, the following very singular lines having been written upon her by her husband :—

O cruel Death! thou hast cut down  
The fairest GARTHWOOD in all this kingdom.  
Her virtue and her piety were such,  
That really she deserved a Lord or a Judge:  
Yet such was her humility,  
That she rather chose me, a Doctor in Divinity ;  
For which heroic action, join'd to all the rest,  
She deserves to be esteemed the Phoenix of her sex ;  
And like that bird/her young she did beget.  
That those she left behind might not be disconsolate.  
And now, my grief for this good woman is so sort,  
That really I can write but four lines more.  
For this and for another good woman's sake,  
Never let a blister be applied to a lying-in woman's neck,  
For in all diseases of the bladder and the womb,  
It never fails to bring the patient to the tomb.

Dr. GREENWOOD scrit.

## 73. On JOHN BASKERVILLE.

Extract from the very singular will of the late

Mr. John Baskerville, a celebrated printer, at Birmingham, who died in 1775.—together with his epitaph, written by himself:—

My farther will and pleasure is, and I do hereby declare, that the devise of my goods and chattels, as above, is upon the express condition, that my wife, in concert with my executors, do cause my body to be buried in a conical building in my own premises, heretofore used as a mill, which I have lately raised higher and painted, and in a vault, which I have prepared for it. This doubtless to many will appear a whim; perhaps it is so, but it is a whim for many years resolved upon, as I have a hearty contempt of all *superstition, the force of a consecrated ground*, the Irish barbarism of "sure and certain hopes," etc. As I also consider *Revelation*, as it is called, exclusive of the *saints of morality* carnally intermixed with it, to be (we omit here a very indecent reflection). I expect some shrewd remarks will be made on this my declaration by the *ignorant* and *bigoted*, who cannot distinguish between *religion* and *superstition*, and are taught the belief that *morality* (by which I understand all the duties a man owes to God and his fellow-creatures) is not sufficient to entitle him to Divine favour, without professing to believe (as they call it) certain absurd *doctrines* and *mysteries*, of which they have no more

conceptions or ideas than a horse. This morality alone I profess to have been my religion, and the rule of my actions; to which I appeal how far my profession and practice has been consistent.

The *Epitaph*.

Stranger,

Beneath this cover, in unswarred ground,  
A friend to the Liberties of mankind directed his body  
to be interred.

May the example contribute to emancipate thy  
mind;

From the idle fears of Superstition,  
And the wicked Arts of Priesthood!

74. On a Landlord :—

*Hic Jaxit WALTER GUX,*  
Sometime landlord of the Tun;  
*Sic transit gloria mundi!*  
He drank hard upon Friday,  
That being a high day,  
Then took to his bed and died upon Sunday!

75. From St. Botolph's, Aldersgate :—

*Hic conjuncta suo reosbat FRANCISCA marito;*  
*Et cibis est uis; quæ fuit una caro,*

Huc cineres conserue suos soror ANNA jubarat;  
Corpore sic uno pulvere tripla jacant.  
Sic Opifex rerum Omnipotens, qui, triplex et unus,  
Pulvere ab hoc uno corpora tripla dabit.

Which may be rendered into English as follows :—

Close to her husband, FRANCES, join'd once more,  
Lies here—ONE dust, which was ONE flesh before;  
Here, as enjoin'd, her sister ANNE's remains  
Were laid: ONE dust, three bodies thus contains.  
Th' Almighty Source of things, the immense THREE-ONE,  
Will raise THREE bodies from thy dust alone.

### 76. From Clevedon, Somersetshire.

The secluded village church of Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel, presented in January, 1839, a memorable and impressive scene, when the remains of the late HENRY HALLAM, the historian, were conveyed from Clevedon Court, the seat of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, M.P., nephew of the deceased, to a grave which, through a mysterious inversion of the common order of succession, had

been already rendered classic ground by the ashes of his two gifted sons. The funeral was strictly private, but it accomplished that pious wish so touchingly expressed in the epitaph written by himself over his eldest son :—

Vale,  
Dilectissime dilectione, desideratissime,  
Hic, post hac Pater ac Mater  
Requiescamus Teneatis  
Usque ad Taham.

### 77. On a Spendthrift :—

Stop, passenger, for here is laid  
One who the debt of nature paid.  
This is not strange, the reader cries,  
We all know how a dead man lies.  
You're right ; but stop, I'll tell you more :  
He never paid a debt before :  
And now he's gone, I'll further say  
He never will another pay.

### 78. From Horsleydown Church, Cumberland.

\* The following is remarkable for its outspoken-

ness :—

Here lie the bodies of THOMAS BOSE, and MARY his wife. She was temperate, chaste, and charitable, but she was proud, peevish, and passionate. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother, but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown—while she received visitors whom she despised with an enduring smile. Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers, but imprudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill-temper.

And so the epitaph runs on to a considerable length, acknowledging the good qualities of the poor woman, but killing each by setting against it some peculiarly remarkable trait. We confess that our feeling is quite turned in her favour by the unmanly assault which is made upon her by her brother, who is the author of the epitaph.

#### 79. From Marnhull Churchyard:—

I in great haste was snatched away,  
Scarce having time to read or pray.  
Read as a warning with me to try  
And always be prepared to die.

80. By Robert Herrick on BEN JONSON, who was born in 1574 and died in 1637.

Here lies JONSON with the rest  
Of the poets, but the best.  
Reader, would'st thou more have known?  
Ask his story, not the stone:  
That will speak what this can't tell  
Of his glory; so farewell!

81. From a Scotch Graveyard :—

Here lies inter'd a man o' nicht,  
His name was MALLARD DOWNIE;  
He lost his life, ne market nicht,  
By fa'lin' off his ponyie.

82. By Dr. Goldsmith, on THOMAS PARKER, the Poet: born in 1679; died, 1717.

This tomb, inscribed to gentle PARKER's name,  
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.  
What art but feel'st his sweetly moral lay,  
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowry way?  
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;  
And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.  
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,  
The transitory breath of fame below;

More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,  
While converts thank their poet in the skies,

83. By Robert Burns, on ROBERT FERGUSON the  
Poet: born 1751; died 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay !  
No storied urn, nor animated bust !  
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
To pour her sorrows o'er the poet's dust.

84. From Eton College.

The following is to be seen on an oblong brass  
plate, in Lupus's Chapel, Eton College :—

Ane : 1573 August 18 daye.  
Under this stene lies Thomas Smith, late a fellow heare,  
And of Cambridge, a Master of Arte of ye King Colledge  
theare.  
He did depart from earthly life, the time above exprest,  
Whose soule we hope dothe now remayne in Abram's  
breast.

85. On Sir HENRY WOTTON.

In the same place (Eton) Sir Henry Wotton

has the following curious epitaph, in the Latin language, inscribed above his grave :—

Here lies the author of this sentence :  
*As seeking for dispute is the stab of the church.*  
Seek his name elsewhere.

86. By Douglas Jerrold on CHARLES KNIGHT.

After an evening of friendly talk with a party which included the late Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, between whom a close friendship had subsisted for many years, they walked homewards together. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned upon epitaphs, and Knight, half in jest, half in earnest, had asked the great wit to write his epitaph for him. The incident had escaped Knight's recollection, but on arriving at the point where they were to part each for his own house, it was recalled to his memory by Jerrold himself. "I've got the epitaph for you," said he. "Well, what is it?"

"Good KNIGHT!"

And with that they parted.

## 87. From St. John's Churchyard, Devizes :—

Life's uncertain—Death is sure,  
Sin is the wound—Christ's the cure.

Likewise in Llandovery and other churchyards.

## 88. From St. Mary's Churchyard, York.

On a young woman who was accidentally drowned, December 24th, 1695. The inscription is said to have been penned by her lover :—

Nigh to the River Ouse, in York's fair city,  
Unto this pretty maid Death shewed no pity.  
As soon as she'd her pail of water fill'd,  
Came sudden Death, and Life, like water, spilled.

## 89. On a Yorkshire Cook :—

Underneath this erat  
Lies the moulderling dust  
Of KELVIN BACHELLOR SKEVEN,  
Well versed in the art  
Of pies, custards, an' tarts,  
And the lucrative trade of the ovens  
When she lived long enough  
She made her last puff,

A puff by her husband much praised,  
 And now she doth lie  
 And make a dirt pie,  
 In hopes that her crust may be raised

## 90. On MR. FAT STEEL:—

Here lies FAT STEEL,  
 That's very true.  
 Who was he? What was he?  
 What is that to you?

91. On WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, the Learned Collier  
of Mangotsfield, in Gloucestershire:—

Beneath this humble turf there lies  
 An honest collier, learn'd and wise;  
 His mind, by love of knowledge fired,  
 To wisdom more than wealth aspired,  
 And thought it was a happy lot  
 To dwell with knowledge in a cot  
 To leave life from early youth  
 His search was philosophic truth;  
 And oft from nightly rest he stole  
 To seek the charmer of his soul,  
 In Nature's book, by nature taught,  
 He learned to think as Newton thought;

And with an astromanic eye  
Measured the rolling orbs on high.  
He knew the courses, motions, reign,  
Of all the planetary train,  
And with precision just and clear  
Marked out the order of the year.  
To him were nature's treasures known,  
And science made them all his own.  
What though not wealth, nor honored birth  
Distinguished him for men of earth—  
What though no state nor letter'd name  
Enrolld him in the list of fame—  
His soul aspired to nobler things,  
And left the world to lords and kings!  
Content to enjoy the better part,  
A knowing head and honest heart.  
Accept, O sage, the tribute due,  
To worth so simply great as thine;  
And let the learn'd with candid view  
What friendship offers at this shrine.

## 92. From Churchill.

In the church at Churchill, on the north side of the chancel, is a quaint monument, which, according to tradition, is an effigy of Sir Joux

LATCH (1644), dressed in a coat of buff, boots, and spurs, looking on his wife in a shroud; beneath, on the front of the tomb, are seven boys and four girls kneeling on cushions. On the monument is the following quaint but beautiful inscription, said to have been written by the celebrated Dr. Donne:—

Living and dead, thou seest how bare we lie,  
Lie late on death, preparing how to die.  
Ah, fleeting life! she is gone. Age, vanitions me  
Unto the grave, so will posterity;  
Though singling death the sacred knot undo,  
By parting two make one once more in two;  
I see 'tis, Lord, by Thy Divine decree,  
Thus one by one to take us home to Thee;  
Whose risen Christ doth us assurance give,  
He'll rouse this grave, and we with Him shall live;  
He rich in grace, though poor in stable creath—  
So here ye here—here laid up, SARAH LATCH.

93. From the Church of St. Mary, Wedmore.

In this church, on an ancient monumental tablet, may be seen the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memorie of CAPTAIN THOMAS HENNESSY,  
of the county of Somerset, esq.; who at the siege of  
Antwerpe, about 1583, with unconquer'd courage,  
wonne two ensignes from the enemy, where, receiving  
his last wound, he gave them legacies; his soul to the  
Lord Jesus, his body to be lodged in Flemish earth, his  
heart to be sent to his dear wife in England:—

Here lies his wounded heart, for whome  
One kingdom was too small a roome:  
Two kingdoms therefore have thought good to part  
So stout a body and so brave a heart.

94. From the Churchyard of Cherenhay-le-Clay,  
Dorsetshire.

A sorrowful husband, after recording the death  
of his beloved wife, ANN HENNESSY, ends in the  
following ridiculous manner:—

Who far below this tomb doth rest,  
Has join'd the army of the blest.  
The Lord has taken her to the sky:  
The saints rejoice, *and so do I.*

95. From Bristol Cathedral.

On the monument of MRS. MASSEY, wife of

the Rev. William Mason, the distinguished Poet  
—1767:—

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear :  
 Take that best gift, which Heav'n so lately gave,  
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling tear,  
 Her faded form : she bowed to taste the wave,  
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty seal the line ?  
 Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?  
 Speak, dead Maria ! breath a strain divine—  
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.  
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee ;  
 Bid them as duty's sphere as meekly move ;  
 And if so fair, from vanity as free,  
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,  
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die  
 ('Twas e'en to thee, yet, the dead path once trod,  
 Heav'n lifts her everlasting portals high,  
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God !'

*q. From Anglesey Churchyard, 1740.—*

\*

Who in the grave or silent dust  
 Our bodies scattered lies,  
 We trust in God at the last Day  
 In glory we shall rise.

## 97. From Barrow-upon-Soe, Leicestershire.

This churchyard contains a very punning epitaph on one Cawe:—

Here in this grave there lies a CAWE,  
 We call a cave a grave.  
 If cave be grave, and grave be Cave,  
 Then reader, judge, I crave,  
 Whether doth Cave lie here in grave  
 Or grave here lie in Cave:  
 If grave in Cave here buried lie,  
 Then, grave, where is thy victory?  
 Go, sealer, and report here lies a CAWE,  
 Who conquereth death, and burns his own grave.

## 98. From Arlington Churchyard, Devonshire:—

Here lies WILL BLAUNX, a Squire by descent,  
 Whose death in this world many people lament:

The rich for his love,  
 The poor for his alms,  
 The wise for his knowledge,  
 The sick for his balsms.

Grace he did love, and vice contred,  
 Earth hath his body, and heaven his soul,  
 The twelfth day of August in the morn died he,

99. As true as it is truly Popish.

The following is inscribed upon a monument in one of the Catholic Chapels in the city of Cork :—

I. H. S. Sacred to the memory of the benevolent EDWARD NOTTOW, the friend of humanity and the father of the poor. He employed the wealth of this world only to secure the riches of the next ; and leaving a balance of merit on the book of life, he made heaven debtor to his mercy. He died Oct. 17th, 1818, aged ninety. R. J. P.

100. From Upton-on-Severn, Gloucestershire :—

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,  
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion :  
His son keeps on the business still,  
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

As an advertisement this is pretty good, but the American epitaph (No. 101), on Mrs. Smith, does the advertising business more effectually.

101. An American Epitaph :—

Here lies JASIE SMITH, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-

cutter : this monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style, 250 dollars.

Better still, however, will that be on James Gordon Bennett (No. 102). The present proprietor of the *New York Herald* is about to erect a monument over his father's grave at a cost of £50,000—in doing which he advertises his paper most effectively.

102. On JAMES GORDON BENNETT :—

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
aged seventy-two,  
founder of the *New York Herald*.

103. Political Epitaph. Here we have another version of No. 55 :—

Here lies NELL HING,  
Because he died ;  
If it had been his sister,  
We should have missed her ;  
But we would rather  
It had been his father .

Or, for the good of the nation,  
The whole generation.

104. On COPERNICUS, St. Anne's Church, Cra-  
con :—

Star, soil, ne moveast.  
(Starred, O star, never ast.)

105. From Melrose Church :—

Earth builds on earth castles and towers ;  
Earth says to earth, all shall be ours ;  
Earth walks on earth all clad in gold ;  
Earth goes to earth sooner than earth wold.

106. On DR. FRANKLIN, by himself :—

The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms ; yet the work itself will not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.

107. From Cameley Churchyard, Somersetshire :—

If love and care could death prevent,  
Our days had not so soon been spent.

Life was desired, but God did see  
Eternal life was best for me.

108. From Babington Churchyard, Somersetshire.—

*Prepare to follow, for be sure  
thou must  
One day, as well as I, be  
turned to Dust.*

109. Fosetik Eppetaff. From a stone in Lansdown Cemetery, Bath :—

In memori of  
MESS: PITMAN,  
Wife of Mr. Elizak Pitman,  
Fosetik Prester, ov this Side.  
Died 19 August 1857, aged 64.  
" Proper to mit the God."  
Exodus 4—12.

110. A blundering one, from St. Andrew's, Plymouth :—

Here lies the body of JAMES VENNER, Esq., only surviving son of Admiral Venner; died the 23rd July, 1753.

## 111. A blundering one, from Karl Keel:

Here lie the remains of THOMAS NICHOLS, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. *Had he lived he would have been buried here.*

## 112. A blundering one, from Montrose, 1757:—

Here lyes the bodye of GEORGE YOUNG, and all their posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

## 113. From a Churchyard near Thornton, Yorkshire:—

Here lies the body of JOHN TROLLOPE,  
Whose hands made these stones to roll up;  
When God Almighty took his soul up,  
His body went to fill the hole up.

## 114. From St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol:—

MR. WILLIAM CAXING<sup>2</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Rocheat Merchant of y<sup>e</sup> towne of Bristol. Afterwards chosen 5 times Mayor of y<sup>e</sup> said towne for y<sup>e</sup> good of y<sup>e</sup> Comon Wealth of y<sup>e</sup> same. Hee was in order of priesthood 7 yeres, and afterwards Deane of Westbury, and died y<sup>e</sup> 7th of Novem. 1474. which said William did build within y<sup>e</sup> saide towne of Westbury a College (which his Canons)

and yr' and William did maintain by space of 8 years  
too handy craftsmen besides carpenters and masons  
every day too men. Besides King Edward yr' qth had  
of yr' and William 3000 marks for his peace to be had  
in 1470 tonnes of shippng: there are 5<sup>th</sup> names of his  
shippng with their burthen: —

			TONS.
Y <sup>r</sup> Mary Curring	400	t. M. r. Bolt	130
Y <sup>r</sup> Mary Reddif <sup>f</sup>	500	t. Little S. cholas	140
Y <sup>r</sup> Mary and John	900	t. Margarete	220
Y <sup>r</sup> Galben	800	t. Katherine of Bolt	120
Y <sup>r</sup> Katheren L.	140	t. St. p. n Ireland	100

No age nor time can wear out well wroght fame  
 The stones the marble & flath & the doth shew  
 From seneschal grene to round in q. man's good name,  
 And noble minds by vertuous acts we know  
 A Lanterne cleere setteth forth a candle light  
 A worthy act declineth a worthi night  
 The buildinge roun that here you may beheld  
 To abusse his Boste deserves a tomb of gold,  
 The famous Fabrc that he her hath done,  
 Shines in the spheer as glorious as the sunne.  
 What needes more words? yr' future world be sought,  
 And set yr' pompe and pride of this at noight.  
 Heaven was his ame, let heaven be still his station  
 That leaves such work for others imitation.

115. From St. Giles' Churchyard, Northampton :—

Here lies a most dutiful daughter, honest and just,  
Awaiting the resurrection in hopes to be one of the first.

116. On a Cardinal :—

Here lies a Cardinal, who wrought  
Both good and evil in his time ;  
The good he did was good for nought ;  
Not so the evil ! that was prime.

117. From a Churchyard in Staffordshire :—

This turf has drunk a  
widow's tear ;  
Three of her husbands  
slumber here.

It may be interesting to note that the tearful widow was still living with a fourth partner.

118. By Walter Savage Landor. For the grave  
of Mr. G. P. R. JAMES, at Venice :—

GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES, British Consul-General in the Adriatic, died at Venice, aged 60, on the

9th of June, 1860. His merits as a writer are known wherever the English language is, and as a man they rest on the hearts of many. A few friends have erected this humble and perishable monument.

119. From the Churchyard of Alloway. On the Rev. ROBERT JOHNSTON, parish minister of that place:—

Before this monument of stones  
Lie honest ROBERT JOHNSTON's bones;  
He lived devoutly, died in peace;  
Prompt by religion and grace,  
Endowed a preacher for this place,  
With consent of his wife to be  
Here by him when she falls to die.  
At her expense this tomb was raised  
For him whose worth she prized and praised.

120. On an Infant:—

Bold infidel, lie down and die.  
Beneath this stone an Infant's ashes lie;  
Say, is he lost or saved?  
If death's by sin, he died because he's here;  
If Heaven's by works, in Heaven he can't appear.

Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied :  
He died, for Adam sinn'd—he lives, for Jesus died.

121. From St. John's Church, Beverley, Yorkshire.

On the outside is an oval stone tablet; on the upper portion are sculptured two straight swords, crossed, painted and gilded, beneath which are the following lines :—

Here two young Danish Soldiers lye :  
The one in quarrell chanced to die ;  
The other's Head, by their own Law,  
With Sword was severed at one Blow  
December the 23rd, 1692.

122. From Jersey :—

Here lies JOHN Ross,  
Kicked by a Horse.

123. From St. Albans Abbey :—

In memory of THOMAS SHEPPARD, son of Thomas  
and Mary Sheppard. Died February 15th, 1766, aged  
30 years :—

Great was my grief, I could not rest ;  
 God called me hence,—He thought it best ;  
 Unhappy marriage was my fate,  
 I did repent when it was too late.

## 124. From Arlington, near Paris :—

Two grandmothers with their two granddaughters,  
 Two husbands with their two wives,  
 Two fathers with their two daughters,  
 Two mothers with their two sons,  
 Two maidens with their two mothers,  
 Two sisters with their two brothers,  
 Yet but six coops in all, lie buried here,  
 All born legitimate, from incest clear.

## 125 On a Tippler :—

The young gentleman referred to here  
 Killed himself by drinking October beer  
 Here lie I must  
 Wrapp'd up in dust,  
 Confined to be sober.  
 Clarke, take care,  
 Lest you come here,  
 For faith here's no October.

## 126. On DR. BENTLEY :—

Visitors tread gently,  
Here lies DR. BENTLEY.

## 127. On a Virtuous Wife :—

Behold this grave, it doth embrace  
A virtuous wife, with *Rachel's* comely face,  
*Sarah's* obedience, *Lydia's* open heart,  
*Martha's* care, and *Mary's* better part.

## 128. From St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London :—

Here lies one MORE, and no *More* than he.  
One *More*, and no *More* ! how can that be ?  
Why one *More* and no *More* may well lie here alone;  
But here lies one *More*, and that's *More* than one.

## 129. From Newington Churchyard :—

Life's but a jest,  
And all things show it ;  
I thought so once,  
But now I know it.

## 130. From Newbury Churchyard :—

Here lies JOHN, with MARY his bride,—

They lived and they laugh'd while they was able,  
And at last was obliged to knock under the table.

131. By a French Husband :—

Here lies my wife,  
A fact that must tell  
For her repose,  
And for mine as well.

132. From Venice :—

JOANNI MAGNI,  
Puero incomparabili,  
Qui, ob imperitium obstetricia,  
Ex utero statim translates  
Est at tumulum, die 21 Decemb.  
MDXXXII.

[*Translation.*]

To the memory of JOHN MAGNI,

An incomparable boy,  
Who, through the unskillfulness of the midwife,  
on the 21st day of December, 1532,  
was translated from the womb to the tomb.

133 From St. Mary's Churchyard, Hereford

Here lieth old Bess, who sold fruit at the cross,  
And now she's departed, we shall have a loss;

She was a good wife, and a kind loving mother,  
And, all things considered, we've scarce such another.

134. From Ripon Cathedral :—

Here lyeth JOHN JONES, the old cook of Newby, who  
was a faithful servant to his master, and an upright  
dowright honest man :—

Rene among stones  
Do lie we still,  
While the soul wanders  
E'en where God will.

135. On a Bad Violinist :—

When Orpheus played he moved Old Nick :  
But thou only moved thy fiddle-stick.

We have another on a fiddler, see No. 192.

136. From Norwich Cathedral :—

Here lies the body of honest TOM PAGE,  
Who died in the 33rd year of his age.

137. From Aberconway Churchyard, Caernarvon-  
shire :—

Here lieth the body of NICHOLAS HOOKE, of Conway.

gent, who was the *one-and-fortieth child* of his father, William Hooks, Esq., by Alice his wife, and *the father of sixteen-and-twenty children*; he died the 20th day of March, 1637.

138. At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire :—

Here lies Father and Mother, and Sister and I,  
 Wee all died within the space of one short year ;  
 They be all buried at Wimble, except I,  
 And I be buried here.

139. From an old source :—

Whoso him bathought,  
 Inwardly and oft,  
 How sore it were to flit  
 From life into the pit,  
 From pit into pain  
 Which neer shall come again,  
 He would not do un- sin,  
 All the world to win.

140. On a Child :—

This little hem that lies here,  
 Was conquered by the diarrheer.

## 141. On JOHN BUNN :—

Here lies JOHN BUNN,  
 Who was killed by a gun.  
 His name wasn't Bunn, but his real name was Wood,  
 But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought Bunn  
 should.

## 142. On JOHN MACKERSON :—

JOHN MACKERSON was a remarkable person :  
 He stood 6 feet 2 without his shirt,  
 And he was slew at Waterloo.

## 143. On MRS. STOKES :—

Here lies the wife of SIRION STOKES,  
 Who lived and died—like other folks.

## 144. On MR. STONE :—

Curious enough, we all must say,  
 That what was STONE should now be clay :  
 More curious still, to can we must,  
 That what was Stone will soon be dust.

## 145. From Whittlesea Churchyard, Ely :—

Here lieth the body of ELIZABETH  
 ANDREW—John, her son,  
 And Old Roger the curate.

146. On an Infant eight months old :—

Since I have been so quickly done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for.

147. From Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk :—

Here lies JANE KITCHIN,  
Who when her glass was spent,  
She kickt up her heels,  
And away she went.

A similar epitaph is said likewise to be at Winchester.

148. On ROGER NORTON :—

Here lies, also, poor ROGER NORTON,  
Whose sudden death was suddenly brought on :  
Trying one day his scissars to mow off,  
The razor slipped and cut his toe off!  
The toe, or rather what it grew to,  
An inflammation quickly flew to ;  
The part then took to mortifying,  
Which was the cause of Roger's dying.

149. An icy one.

A curious record of an accident, occasioned by

the downfall of ice, is to be found as an epitaph on the son of the then parish clerk at Bampton, in Devonshire, who was killed by an icicle falling upon and fracturing his skull :

In memory of the Clerk's son :—

Bless my i, i, i, i, i,  
Here I lies,  
In a sad pickle,  
Killed by icicle.

### 130. On HOGARTH,

Who lies in a superb tomb, with his wife, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and her mother, in Clisswick Churchyard. Garrick wrote the following lines, which are still visible :—

Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reach'd the noblest point of art ;  
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,  
And, through the eye, connect the heart.  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear ;  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
‘C’ur Hogarth’s honour’d dust lies here.

## 151. From Belcarbet Churchyard, Ireland :—

Here lies JOHN HIGLEY, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here.

## 152. On CHRISTOPHER THOMAS, at Froome, Somerset :—

Stretch'd underneath this stone is laid  
Our neighbour GODFREY THOMAS;  
We trust, although full low his head,  
He'll rise i' the world to come.  
This humble monument will show  
Where lies an honest man.  
Ye kings whose heads are laid as low,  
Ere higher if ye can.

## 153. From Hyden Churchyard, Yorkshire :—

Here lies the body of WILLIAM STRATTON, of Paddington, buried 18th day of May, 1734, aged 97 years; who had by his first wife 28 children; by his second 17; was own father to 45; grandfather to 86; great-grandfather to 23. In all 154 children.

## 154. On JOHN HILL :—

Here lies JOHN HILL,  
 A man of skill,  
 Whose age was five times ten :  
 He never did good,  
 And never would,  
 If he'd lived as long again.

## 155. A simple one :—

Poor  
 Simple thing,  
 He,  
 Nought suspecting,  
 Meant to be blessed,  
 but,  
 found himself undone.

## 156. From Everton. Writen, excepting the date of his death, by himself :—

Here lie  
 The earthly remains of  
 JOHN BREWER,  
 Late Vicar of Everton,  
 And an Itinerant Servant of Jesus Christ,  
 Who loved his Master and His work,  
 And after running on His errands many years,

Was caught up to wait on Him above.

Reader,

Art thou born again?

No salvation without a new birth.

I was born in six February, 1716;

Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730,

Lived proudly on faith and works for

salvation till 1754;

Admitted to Everton vicarage 1755;

Fled to Jesus alone for refuge 1796;

Fell asleep in Christ January 22, 1795.

—

### 157. An epigrammatic one:—

This corpse

Is Tommy Thorpe's

[*Second edition.*]

Thorpe's

Corpse

### 158. A queer one. From a Graveyard at Baton

Rouge, La:—

Here lies buried in this tomb

A constant sufferer from salt rheum,

Which finally in truth did pass

To spotted erysipelas.

A husband brave, a father true,  
Here he lies, and so must you.

159. On a gold-digger.

The following was taken from a head-board at a grave in the Sparta Diggings, California; and, taking the orthography into consideration, it is an apparently unconscious blending of the serious-comic with the would-be sublime :—

In memory of  
JOHN SWIFT, who met  
a violent death near this spot,  
18 hundred and 40 two. He was shot  
by his own pistol;  
It was not one of the new kind,  
but a old fashioned  
brass barrel, and of such is the  
Kingdom of heaven.

160. On a Wife.

A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the

depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed :—

Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep.

161. The briefest Epitaph on record. On a Fellow of the Oxford University :—

Pochrit.

(*Hic li grecus agens*)

162. On the Author of "Jerusalem Delivered":—

“Ossa Tassi.

(*The bones of Tasso*)

For brevity we may likewise note that on Ben Jonson.

163. From the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey :—

Oh, rare Ben Jonson !

164. On GEORGE FREDERICK COOK, the great tragedian, in St. Paul's, New York :—

Three kingdoms claim his birth ;

Two hemispheres proclaim his worth.

165. On an English Baronet, in the time of  
Henry the Third :—

All Christian men in my behalf,  
Pray for the soul of SIR JOHN CALF.

166. On JOHN ROSEWELL, A.D. 1687 :—

This grave's a bed of roses—here doth lie  
JOHN ROSEWELL, gent.,—his wife nine children by.

167. From Wolstanton. On ANNE JENNINGS :—

Some have children, some have none ;  
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

168. From Barrow Churchyard. On MR.  
STONE :—

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfilled in me,  
For here a stone upon a STONE you see.

169. On JOHN WHITE, in the Temple Church,  
London :—

Here lies JOHN, a burning, shining light,  
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were WHITE.

170. On DR. POTTER, Archbishop of Canterbury,  
A.D. 1736 :—

Apple and well a-day !  
He ~~was~~ himself is turned to clay

171. From Westminster Abbey. On JOHN GAY, the Poet, said to have been written by himself :—

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.

172. By the Poet DRYDEN, on the tomb of his wife :—

Here lies my wife, here let her lie,  
She's now at rest, and so am I.

173. On REBECCA FREELAND, who died in the year 1741 :—

She drank good ale, good punch and wine,  
And lived to the age of ninety-nine.

174. On Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN :—

*Si monumentum queris, circumsperice.*  
*(If his monument you seek, look around.)*

This is to be seen in St. Paul's, London, of

which, as is well known, Sir Christopher was the architect.

175. On a Wesleyan Minister.

The friends of Methodism may be pleased to read the following lines, which are copied from the plain slab which covers the dust of the Rev. R. BOARDMAN, Wesleyan minister, at the Cathedral Church of Cork :—

RICHARD BOARDMAN,  
Departed this life Oct. 4th, 1782.

Ætatis 44.

Beneath this stone the dust of BOARDMAN lies,  
His precious soul has soared above the skies.  
With eloquence divine he preached the Word  
To multitudes, and turned them to the Lord.  
His bright example strengthened what he taught,  
And devils trembled when for Christ he fought.  
With truly Christian zeal he nations fired,  
And all who knew him mourned when he expired.

176. From South Wales.

In Vaynor Churchyard, near Merthyr Tydfil,  
not unlike the Irish epitaph, No. 34 :—

Here lies the bodies of three  
 Children dear,  
 Two at Llanwern and  
 One here.

(See No. 299.)

**177. From a Churchyard in Pembrokeshire :—**

Here lie I and no wonda, I'm dead,  
 For the wheel of the waggon went over my head.

**178. From Cornwallion Churchyard, Cornwall :—**

Shall we all die?  
 We shall die all.  
 All die shall we?  
 Die all we shall.

**179. On a Collier :—**

Altho' his face was dirty,  
 His heart, they say, was clean.  
 His age was only forty  
 When he ceased to have a being,—  
 That is, he ceased to live,  
 So far as this world goes;  
 But in the world above he wears  
 Perhaps a crown—who knows?

W. F.

## 180. On a Rich Man :—

A man of wealth and fame,  
 Of honour and of worth ;  
 How powerful was his name  
 When living on the earth.  
 But now he's left the world,  
 Where riches draw a line  
 Distinguishing a man  
 From others of his kind.  
 What now can this man do  
 With what he had whilst here ?  
 Not ought, for what he had—  
 In heaven it can't appear.  
 We speak of him " in heaven,"  
 Well, we ~~do~~ hope he's there ;  
 Though the chances of such men  
 To get there are but rare.

## 181. On Husband and Wife.

The following is copied from a country church  
 yard :—

Here lies the body of JAMES ROBINSON, and RUTH  
 his wife.

And underneath this text :—

" Their warfare is accomplished."

## 182. From Torryburn Churchyard :—

In this churchyard lies ERNE COURTS,  
Either here or herabouts ;  
But where it is none can tell  
Till Eppie rise and tell herself.

## 183. From Oldbury-on-Severn :—

Pain was my portion ;  
Physic was my food ;  
Gream my devotion ;  
Drugs did me no good.

## 184. On ROBERT BARRAS :—

Poems and epitaphs are but stuff,  
Here lies Bob BARRAS, and that's enough.

## 185. From Broom Churchyard :—

God be praised :  
Here is MR. DUDLEY, senior,  
And JANE his wife also,  
Who, while living was his superior,  
But see what death can do.  
Two of his sons also lie here,  
One WALTER, t'other JOE.  
They all of them went in the year  
1510 below.

## 186. On two Brothers :—

Here lies two brothers by misfortune ~~surrounded~~,  
 One died of his wounds and the other was drowned.

## 187. On SUSAN MUN :—

To the memory of SUSAN MUN :—  
 Silence is wisdom.

## 188. On WILLIAM BECK :—

Here lies the body of WILLIAM BECK,  
 He was thrown at a hunt and broke his neck.

189. From St. Mary's, Swansea. On ELIZABETH,  
 the wife of William Vidall, who died June  
 29th, 1843, aged 48 years :—

She was, but words are wanting to say what;  
 Think what a wife should be—and she was that.

(See No. 4.)

190. From St. Mary's, Swansea. On EVAN  
 HARRIS :—

All you that see where I do lie,  
 As you are now, so once was I.

As I am now, so you shall be,  
Cut down by death, and follow me.

(Similar to No. 14.)

191. On RONALD GRAY, Taunton Church :—

Taunton bore him, London bred him ;  
Piety trained him, virtue led him ;  
Earth enliv'd, Heaven caress'd him ;  
*This* thankful town, that mindful city,  
Share his piety and his pity.  
What he gave, and how he gave it,  
Ask the poor, and you shall have it.  
Gentle reader, Heaven may strike  
Thy tender heart to do the like.  
And now thy eyes have read this story,  
Give him the praise, and Heaven the glory.

192. On a Fiddler named STEPHEN :—

STEPHEN and Time are now both even ;  
Stephen beat Time, but now Time's beat Stephen.

193. From Shoreditch Churchyard :

We must all die, there is no doubt ;  
Your glass is running—mine is out.

## 194. From Whitby Churchyard :—

Sudden and unexpected was the end  
 Of our esteemed and beloved friend ;  
 He gave to all his friends a sudden shock,  
 By one day falling into Sunderland Dock.

## 195. From St. Mary's, Swansea. On a child 3

months old :—

Beneath this stone an infant lies,  
 To earth whose body's lent,  
 Which shall more pure hereafter rise,  
 But not more innocent.  
 When the last dreadful trump shall blow,  
 And Souls to Bodies join,  
 Millions will wish their lives below  
 Had been as short as thine.  
 O Sexton, do not with thy Death-like spade,  
 Remove this earth where innocence is laid.

## 196. From the same place. On the wife of JOHN

PROSSER :—

——— Reader, pause,  
 And think what a wife should be, and she was that !  
 (See Nos. 193 and 189.)

197. On an Angler :—

Hock'd it.

198. From St. Mary's, Swansea. On Hoon  
SOMERVILLE HEAD, R.N., aged 36 years :—

When I am dead  
Let not the day be writ ;  
Some will remember it ! ! !  
Deep let it seat  
In one kind female breast,  
Then is my memory blest.

199. On an Englishman troubled with *anxii* :—

Here lies SIR JOHN PLUMPUDDING, of the Grange,  
Who hanged himself one morning for a change.

200. By Dr. Goldsmith, on MR. EDWARD PARDON :—

Here lies poor MR. PARDON, from misery freed,  
Who long was a bookseller's huck ;  
He led such a damnable life in this world,  
I don't think he'll ever come back.

On Court Trials.

On the tomb of Count Tessin, Governor of Gustavus III. of Sweden, written by himself :—

Tandem felix.

(*Happy at last.*)

202. On a Miser, by W. F. :—

Gone underground.

203. On Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

The following was intended for Newton's monument :—

Nature and nature's law lay hid in night ;  
God said, *Let Newton be*—and all was light.

The epitaph on Sir Isaac, however, runs as follows :—

ISAACUM NEWTON  
Quem immortalem  
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Celsum,  
Mortalum hoc marmor  
Fatetur.

(This marble acknowledges ISAAC NEWTON mortal  
whom time, nature, and heaven prove immortal.)

## 204. On Pope ADRIAN.

His Holiness wrote the following sad epitaph for himself :—

ADRIANUS PAPA VI, hic sibi situs est  
 Qui nihil sibi infidulus  
 In vita  
 Quam quod imperaret  
 Duxit.

Which may be rendered in English thus :—

**POPE ADRIAN VI.** lies here, who experienced nothing more unhappy in life than that he commanded.

## 205. By Pope, on Mrs. CORBETT. This lady died of cancer in the breast :—

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,  
 Blest with plain reason and with sober sense.  
 No conquests she, but o'er herself desired,  
 'No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.  
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,  
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own ;  
 So unaffected, so composed a mind :  
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd ;  
 Heaven as its poorest gold, by tortures tried :  
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

206. From the Unitarian Churchyard, Swansea:—

This humble stone, what few vain marbles can,  
May safely say—here lies an honest man.

207. By Dr. Johnson on a Musician:—

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty power and hopeless love,  
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more;  
Find here, that calm thou gav'st so oft before;  
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

208. On a Smoker:—

My pipe's out.

209. From High Wycombe Churchyard.

The following lines are on MR. THOM  
ALDRIDGE, aged 90 years:—

Of no distemper,  
Of no blast he died;  
But fell  
Like autumn fruit,  
That's mellowed long,  
E'en wondered at,  
Because he dropt no sooner.

Providence seemed to wind him up  
For fourscore years ; yet ran he on  
Nine winters more : till, like a clock,  
Worn out with beating time,  
The wheels of weary life  
At last stood still.

## 210. On MATTHEW PRIOR.

The writer is not quite certain what Prior's epitaph is, but has thought that the following remarks may help his readers to form their own opinions :—

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1863, says that Prior, who was most diligent in ransacking Greek, Latin, French, and English storehouses to come by his epigrams, in giving the epitaph for himself, —

Gentlemen, here, by your leave,  
Lie the bones of MATTHEW PRIOR,  
A son of Adam and Eve ;  
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?—

is only adopting a much older one by JOHN CARPENTER :—

JOHNSIE CARNEGIE lies here,  
 Descendit of Adam and Eve ;  
 Gif ony can gang hicher,  
 I'ee willing gie him leve.

Touching this epitaph of Prior's, we give what is said in a review on "Familiar Words" by J. Hain Friswell, in the *Athenaeum* for January 28th, 1865 :—

" We will observe, too, that Mr. Friswell does wrong to Prior in seriously calling the following lines 'Prior's Epitaph on Himself' :—

" 'Here lies what once was MATTHEW PRIOR,  
 The son of Adam and of Eve ;  
 Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?'

" This, of course," continues the reviewer (like Gay's heedless lines) "is a mere joke. Prior's lines, 'For my own Tombstone,' are in better taste :—

" 'To me 'twas giv'n to die ; to thee 'tis giv'n  
 To live. Alas ! one moment acts us ev'n.  
 Mark, how impartial is the Will of Heav'n !

According to *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of Literature*, the following are the exact lines that were written by Prior :—

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,  
 Here lies what once was MATTHEW PRIOR,  
 The son of Adam and of Eve ;  
 Can Stuart or Nasau claim higher ?

110. On THOMAS KEMP, who was hanged for sheep-stealing :—

Here lies the body of THOMAS KEMP,  
 Who lived by wool and died by hemp ;  
 There's nothing would suffice this glutton,  
 But with the fleece to steal the mutton ;  
 Had he but worked and lived uprighter,  
 He'd ne'er been hung for a sheep-biter.

11. From the Churchyard of Cricklow, Salop :—

On a Thursday she was born,  
 On a Thursday made a bride,  
 On a Thursday put to bed,  
 On a Thursday broke her leg, and  
 On a Thursday died.

In reading this epitaph I am reminded of an

old superstition about Friday being an unlucky day, and of a certain story told about a certain ship called *Friday*, built by a man who entertained no such foolish notions. I do not give the story, but now write an epitaph, which may be taken as strictly correct.

212. On the unlucky Ship "Friday":—

On a Friday she was launched,  
On a Friday she set sail,  
On a Friday met a storm,  
And was lost, too, in the gale.

213. From Talbach Churchyard, South Wales:—

Huzza ! my boys, at the Parson's fall,  
For if he'd lived he'd a-barred us all.

214. From Swaffham Churchyard, Norfolk:—

Here lies the body of THOMAS PARR ;  
What, old Tom ? No ! What, young Tom ? Ah !

215. From Kensal Green Cemetery. Over the grave of MARGARET HANGRAVE, aged 31:—

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with all that's best below,  
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go;  
The bird that sings the sweetest, the pine that crowns  
the rock,  
The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.  
'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly  
fair;  
Too finely formed to bide the storms more earthly  
natures bear,  
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of  
love,  
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their  
home above.

216. From Maidstone Churchyard:—

Here FRANCIS JARRATT lies—what then?  
Frank, when his Master calls, will rise again.

217. From Kensal Green. On E. B. Browne,  
aged 7 months:—

The cup of life just to his lips he pressed,  
Found the taste bitter, and resigned the rest;  
Averse then turning from the face of day,  
He softly sighed his little soul away.

*Note.*—This epitaph, altered for a little girl, is

to be found in Prittlewell Churchyard, near Southend.

218. From St. George's, Southwark. On the young wife of a clergyman :—

*She came to the Cross when her young cheek was glowing,*

*And raised to the Lord the bright glance of her eye ;  
And when o'er her beauty death's darkness was flowing,  
Her God then upheld her ; her Saviour was nigh.*

219. From Morville Churchyard, near Bridge-north. On JOHN CHARLTON, Esq.

He was for many years master of the Wheatland Foxhounds, and died January 20th, 1843, aged 63, regretted by all that knew him :—

*Of this world's pleasures I have had my share,  
And few the sorrows I was doomed to bear.  
How oft have I enjoyed the noble chase  
Of hounds and foxes, striving for the race ;  
But, bark ! the knell of death calls me away,  
Lo, sportsmen all, farewell ! I must obey.*

## 220. From Cambridge, on MARY GWYNNE :—

Here lies the body of MARY GWYNNE,  
Who was so very pure within,  
She cracked the shell of her earthly skin,  
And hatched herself a cherubim.

221. An Epigrammatic one, from the Catacombs  
of Rome :—

Hic VERUS qui semper verò locutus.  
Which may be rendered thus :—  
Here lies Verus (truth), who always spoke truly.

## 222. On a Rich Man :—

What I spent I had ; what I lost  
I lost ; what I gave I have.

## 223. From America :—

Died on the 11th inst., at his shop, No. 20, Greenwich Street, Mr. EDWARD JONES, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss,

and a large stock to be sold cheap, for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that his widow can supply hats at more reasonable rates than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.

223. From Brancepeth Churchyard, Durham.

On the tombstone of a celebrated Surgeon :—

What I was once some may relate ;  
What I am now is all men's fate ;  
What I shall be none can explain  
Until He that called calls again.

224. From Hanwell Churchyard :—

Beneath this stone I do intrust  
Are the remnants of her worthy dust :  
Farewell awhile, ye silent tomb,  
Until your husband calls for room.

225. On a Painter :—

Here lies a *finished* artist.

226. On Mr. Miles. From Wobley Churchyard,  
Yorkshire :—

This tombstone is a Milestone ;

Hah ! how so ?

Because beneath lies MILES, who's  
Miles below.

227. From Selby Churchyard, Yorkshire :—

Here lies the body of poor FRANK ROWE,  
Parish clerk and gravestone cutter,  
And this is writ to let you know  
What Frank for others used to do  
Is now for Frank done by another

228. On a Sailor :—

I am grounded

229. From Bruton Church :—

Here lies a man by all good men esteemed,  
Because they proved him really what he seemed.

230. Anonymous :—

Reader, pass on, ne'er waste your time  
On bad Biography and bitter rhyme ;

For what I am this cumbersome clay ensures,  
And what I was is no affair of yours.

231. From Cheltenham Churchyard :—

Here lies the body of MOLLY DICKIE, the wife  
Hull Dickie, tailor :—

Two Great physicians first  
My loving husband tried  
To cure my pain  
In vain,  
At last he got a third,  
And then I died.

232. On a man who was killed by a Pump :—

Here lies JOHN ADAMS, who received a thump,  
Right on the forehead, from the parish pump,  
Which gave him the quietus in the end,  
For many doctors did his case attend.

233. From St. Bride's, near Bridgend :—

Farewell, my dear and loving wife,  
My children, and my friends,  
I hope in heaven to see you all  
When all things have their ends.

## 234. From Portsmouth :—

Here lies JEMMY LITTLE, a carpenter industrious,  
A very good-natured man, but somewhat blustering.  
When that his little wife his authority withheld,  
He took a little stick and banged her as he would.  
His wife now left alone, her loss does so deplore,  
She wishes Jemmy back to bang her a little more ;  
For now he's dead and gone this fault appears so small,  
A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all.

235. From the Burying-ground, of Concord,  
Massachusetts :—

God wills us free—man wills us slaves ;  
I will as God wills : God's will be done.

Here lies the body of  
JOHN JACK,

A native of Africa, who died  
March, 1773, aged about sixty years.

Though born in a land of slavery,  
He was born free ;  
Though he lived in a land of liberty,  
He lived a slave ;  
Till, by his honest, though stolen, labours,  
He acquired the source of slavery,  
Which gave him his freedom :

Though not long before  
Death, the great Tyrant,  
Gave him his final emancipation,  
And put him on a footing with kings.  
Though a slave to vice,  
He practised those virtues  
Without which kings are but slaves.

236. By Dr. Arbuthnot, on the infamous Col.  
CHANTRES :—

Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHANTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy and imitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice excepting prodigality and hypocrisy : his insatiable avarice exempting him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating profligacy of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth. For without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without being worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat without the mask of honesty : retains bis primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year ; and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could eat.

do. Oh! indignant reader, think not his life useless to mankind. Providence consived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by His bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

337. On JACK and JOAN, by Matthew Prior :—

Interr'd beneath this marble stone  
Lie sauntering JACK and idle JOAN ;  
While rolling threescore years and one  
Did round this globe their courses run ;  
If human things went ill or well,  
If changing empires rose or fell,  
The morning past, the evening came,  
And found this couple just the same.  
They walked and ate, good folks : what then ?  
Why, then they walked and ate again ;  
They soundly slept the night away,  
They did just nothing all the day ;  
Nor sister either had nor brother,  
They seem'd just tallied for each other.  
Their moral and economy  
Mug perfectly they made agree ;  
Each virtue kept its proper bound,  
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.

Nor fame nor censure they regarded,  
They neither punished nor rewarded ;  
He cared not what the footman did ;  
Her maids she never praise'd nor chid :  
So every servant took his course,  
And bad at first, they all grew worse.  
Slothful disorder filled his stable,  
And slothish plenty deck'd her table.  
Their beer was strong, their wine was port,  
Their meat was large, their grace was short.  
They gave the poor the remnant meat,  
Just when it grew not fit to eat.  
They paid the church and parish rate,  
And took, but read not, the receipt ;  
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due  
Of slumbering in an upper pew.  
No man's defects sought they to know,  
So never made themselves a foe.  
No man's good deeds did they commend,  
So never rais'd themselves a friend.  
Nor cherish'd they relations poor,  
That might decrease their present store ;  
Nor barn nor house did they repair,  
That might oblige their future heir.  
They neither wanted nor abounded.  
Nor tear nor smile did they employ  
At news of public grief or joy.

When bells were rung and bonfires made,  
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid.  
Their jug was to the ringers carried,  
Whoever either died or married.  
Their billet at the fire was found,  
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.  
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,  
They would not learn, nor could advise ;  
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
They led a kind of, as it were ;  
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried,  
And so they lived and so they died.

238. On an Accomplished Parish Officer, at  
Crayford, Kent :—

Here lieth the body of

PETER ISMELL

(30 years Clerk of this parish).

He lived Respected as a gross and mischievous man, and  
died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the  
3rd day of March, 1811, aged 70 years.

The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to  
his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and  
faithful services.

The life of this Clerk was just three score and ten,  
Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*.

In his youth he was married, like other young men,  
 But his wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen*.  
 A second he took—she departed : what then ?  
 He married and buried a third with *Amen*.  
 Thus his joys and his sorrows were *Trojahn's* ; but then  
 His voice was deep Bass, as he sang out *Amen*.  
 On the *Lore* he could blow as well as most men,  
 So his *Amen* was excited in blowing *Amen*.  
 But he lost all his *Wives* after threescore and ten,  
 And here with three Wives he waits till again  
 The Trumpet shall arouse him to sing out *Amen*.

### 239. On Mr. Combe, by Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, whose epitaph has already been given in this book, in his latter years, whilst residing in his native town of Stratford, was requested by one of his intimate and wealthy friends, named Mr. Combe, to write his epitaph. The immortal bard furnished him with the following impromptu :—

Ten in the hundred\* lies here engraved ;  
 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved ;

\* Ten per cent. was then the ordinary interest of money.

If any man ask who lies in this tomb,  
"O—he!" quoth the devil, "To my John-a-Combe."

## 240. By Ben Jonson, on ELIZABETH L. H.:—

'Wouldst thou hear what man say  
In a little? reader, stay :  
Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die ;  
Which in life did harbour give  
To more virtue than doth live,  
If at all she had a fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.  
One name was ELIZABETH,  
The other, let it sleep with death ;  
Fitness, where it died, to tell,  
Thus that is lived at all — Farewell.'

## 241. On a Tailor's Wife.

A tailor, whose Christian name was Abraham, met with the Earl of Rochester, and desired him to write an epitaph for his wife, whose name was SARAH. The Earl complied, and wrote one in his usual ludicrous style, which ran as follows:—

From Abraham's bosom full of Eve,  
To Abraham's in Paradise,  
Our sister SARAH took her flight,  
And bid the lousy thief good-night.

The following is another epitaphian effusion of his :—

**242. On KING CHARLES :—**

Here lies our mutton-eating King,  
Whose word no man relies on ;  
He never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one.

**243. On NICHOLAS FERRY, a French Dwarf.**

He died at the age of twenty-three, and measured thirty-three inches in height; was, whilst alive, under the protection of the Duke of Lorraine. It is said that the Duke felt his loss severely, and caused an epitaph in Latin to be inscribed on his tomb, of which the following is a translation :—

Here lies  
NICHOLAS FERRY  
A Lorraine.

Nature's plaything. In virtue of the smallness of his  
Stature he was beloved by the modern  
Antoninus,  
Old in the flower of existence. For him five lustres  
were an age.

He died on the 9th of June, in the year 1764.  
(See No. 249 for an epitaph on another dwarf.)

244. On a Woman :—

Underneath this sod lies ARABELLA YOUNG,  
Who on the 5th of May began to hold her tongue.

245. From a Churchyard in Yorkshire :—

In faith she dies,  
Within she lies,  
Here underneath,  
Though without beneath.

246. From Healey, 1799 :—

A loving Husband, tender Father, and sincere friend,  
A generous and an honest man unto his end

Always inclin'd to serve his friends when in trouble  
Doubtless, by the Lord he'll be rewarded double.

247. From Banbury Churchyard, Oxon:—

To the memory of RIC. RICHARDS, who by gangreen  
first lost a toe, afterwards a leg, and lastly his life, on  
the 7th day of April, 1656:—

Ah, cruel Death, to make three meals of one,  
To taste and eat, and eat till all was gone;  
But, know, thou tyrant, when the trump shall call,  
He'll find his feet, and stand when thou shalt fall.

248. On the Rev. JOHN CHEST:—

Beneath this spot lies buried  
One CHEST within another,  
The outer chest was a good one:  
Who says so of the other?

249. On a Dwarf.

The following inscription—on a dwarf who was  
very intellectual and had great skill on the piano  
—to be found on a tombstone in the graveyard  
of St. Philip's in Birmingham, expresses the

opinion which was entertained of her by all who knew her :—

In memory of MAXNETTA STOCKER,  
who quitted this life the fourth day of May,  
1819, at the age of thirty-nine years.  
The smallest woman in this kingdom, and  
one of the most accomplished.  
She was not more than thirty-three inches high.  
She was a native of Austria.

250. From the Churchyard of Castell-Dwchwr,  
South Wales :—

O Earth ! O Earth, observe this well,  
That Earth to Earth must go to dwell,  
That Earth in Earth must close remain  
Till Earth for Earth shall come again.

251. From the same Churchyard, now called  
Loughor :—

The following pretty lines are now visible on  
the tomb of Mary Pescate, who died in 1801,  
aged 10 years :—

The village maidens to her Grave shall bring  
The fragrant Garland each returning spring ;

Selected sweets, in emblem of the maid  
Who underneath the hollow turf is laid.  
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye ;  
Like her, too soon, they languish, fade, and die.

252. From Yate Churchyard, Gloucestershire :—

Here lies two whom death again has wed,  
And made this grave their second marriage b'd.  
Death did at first raise some disconsolation,  
But would not make an bitter separation.

253. In Dunmore Churchyard, Ireland :—

Here lie the remains of JOHN HALL, grocer. The  
world is not worth a *fog*, and I have good reason for  
saying so.

254. From Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire

On SAMUEL TURNER, Blacksmith :—

His sledge and hammer lie reclined,  
His bellows, too, has lost its wind,  
His Coal is spent, his Iron gone,  
His nails are drove, his work is done.  
His body's here, clutched in the dust,  
'Tis hoped his soul is with the just.

## 255. On MR. HOASE :—

A generous foe, a faithful friend,  
 A victor bold, here met his end :  
 He conquer'd both in war and peace ;  
 By death subdued, his glories cease.  
 Ask't thou who finished here his course,  
 With so much honour ?—'twas a Hoase.

## 256. On JOHN SULLEN :—

Here lies JOHN SULLEN, and it is God's will  
 He that was Sullen should be Sullen still ;  
 He still is Sullen, if the truth ye seek ;  
 Knock until doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

## 257. An Epigrammatic one :—

Beneath yon humble clod at rest,  
 Lies ANDREW, who, if not the best,  
 Was not the very worst man ;  
 A little rakish, apt to roam,  
 But not so now, he's quite at home,  
 For Andrew was a Dustman.

## 258. From Rothsay :—

Erected by JANE ——, to the memory of her husband JOHN ——. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

## 259. From Chichester Cathedral.

At the north-west corner is a vault belonging to Mr. Gay, in the centre of which is a fine piece of sculpture. On a pedestal is represented *Tim*, in a sitting posture, holding an hourglass in his left hand—the right hand extended, holding a scroll, on which are inscribed the following beautiful and expressive lines:—

Here doubtless many a trifler on the brink  
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,  
Feeld' to a passe, will feel it good to think,  
Told that his setting sun may rise no more!  
Ye self-deceived: could I prophetic say,  
Who next is fated, and who next shall fall,  
The rest might then seem privileged to play;  
But naming none, *Tim*'s voice here speaks to all!  
Learn, then, ye living! by the mouths he taught  
Of all these sepulchres, instruction true—  
That soon or late, death also is your lot,  
And the next opening grave may yawn for you!

At the further end of the vault is Death, engraved on a black marble slab.

## 260. On WILLIAM COWPER, the poet.

The immortal Cowper was buried in St. Edmund's chapel, East Dereham, county of Norfolk, and over his grave a monument is erected, bearing the following inscription, from the pen of Mr. Hayley :—

In memory of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq., born in Herefordshire, 1731, buried in this church, 1800.

Ye, who with warmth the public triumph feel,  
Of talents dignified by public seal,  
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,  
Pay your fond tribute due to COWPER's dust !  
England, exulting in his spotless fame,  
Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name ;  
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise  
So clear a title to affection's praise ;  
His highest honours to the heart belong,  
His virtues form the magic of his song.

## 261. On MR. EDWARD EVERARD, in Tottenham Churchyard :—

You were too good to live on earth with me,  
And I not good enough to die with thee ;

Farewell, dear husband, God would have it so ;  
 You'll *never* return, but I to you must go.

262. On the eminent barrister, Sir JOHN STRANGE :—

Here lies an honest lawyer,—  
 that is STRANGE.

263. From Prittlewell Churchyard, near Southend. On THOMAS HALLIDAY, aged 23 :—

How low'd, how valued once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of me,  
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

264. From Blackmoor :—

26 years I lived single,  
 & a married life,  
 Long time I was afflicted,  
 And then I lost my life.

A similarly-worded epitaph is to be seen in Newport Cemetery, in which the writer has had many a quiet and pleasant half-hour ; it is as follows :—

## 265 On SARAH wife of Rowland Thomas —

14 years I was a maid  
 9 months 6 days a wedded wife  
 two hours I was a mother  
 and then I lost my life

## 266 From Bulstrode Churchyard

Again, there is a very similar epitaph to be found in Bulstrode Churchyard where there is a small sandstone obelisk erected to the memory of a young woman named Martha Clark *see* Owen. After giving the name and age, the epitaph concludes —

Nineteen years I maid  
 Two years a wife  
 Nine days a mother  
 And then departed I die

## 267 On LORD BYRON

The following epitaphian inscription is on Lord Byron's monument, which is an elegant Grecian tablet of white marble, placed in the chancel of Hucknall church. The words are

in Roman capitals, and divided into lines as under:—

In the vault beneath,  
where many of his ancestors and his  
mother are buried,  
lie the remains of  
GEORGE Gordon NOEL BYRON,  
Lord Byron of Rochdale,  
in the county of Lancaster:  
The author of "Childe Harold's Pilgi-  
mage."  
He was born in London, on the  
22nd of January, 1788;  
He died at Missolonghi, in Western  
Greece, on the  
19th April, 1824.  
Engaged in the glorious attempt to  
restore that country to her ancient  
freedom and renown.  
His sister, the Honourable  
Augusta Maria Leigh,  
placed this tablet to his memory.

268. From East Grinstead, Sussex.

The following is copied from a stone in the  
churchyard of East Grinstead, in Sussex:—

In memory of RUSSELL HALL.

And MARY his wife.

He died March 25, 1806,

Aged 79 years.

She died August 27, 1809,

Aged 58 years.

The silent stone thy children lay

O'er thy respected dust,

Only proclaims the mournful day

When we our parents lost.

To copy thee in life we'll strive,

And when we that resign

May some good-natured friend survive

To lay our bones by thine.

### 269. On VIRGIL.

As we have elsewhere given the epitaphs on several poets, we think the following may not prove uninteresting to our readers; it is upon the tomb of Virgil, the prince of Roman poets, and is said to have been dictated by himself:—

Mantua me genuit Calabri rapuere tenet nunc  
Parthenope; occisi Pasqua Rura, Dux.

The tomb is situated near Naples.

## 270. From Peterschurch :—

Sickness was my portion,  
 Physic was my food,  
 Greams was my devotion,  
 Drugs did me no good.  
 The Lord took pity on me,  
 Because He thought it best :—  
 He took me to his bosom,  
 And here I lie at rest.

## 271. From Michaelchurch :—

JOHN PROSSER is my name, and England is my nation,  
 Bowchurch is my dwelling-place, and Christ is my salvation ;  
 Now I'm dead and in my grave, and all my bones are  
 rotten :  
 As you pass by remember me, when I am quite forgotten.

## 271a. From Hatfield Churchyard, Herts :—

The world's a city full of crooked streets ;  
 And death the market-place where all men meet :  
 If death were merchandise, then men could buy :  
 The rich would always live, the poor must die.

## 272. From Dartford Churchyard, Kent :—

We all must die, we know full well,  
 But when or where no one can tell ;  
 Strive, therefore, to live godly still,  
 Then welcome death, come when it will.

A PEDESTRIAN.

273. From St. John's Churchyard, Horsleydown. On Captain ——, who was drowned at Gravesend :—

Friends, leave to grieve that at Gravesend  
 My life was closed with speed,  
 For when the Saviour shall descend,  
 'Twill be graves' end indeed.

274. From a small and solitary churchyard in Kent :—

Here lyeth the bones of MARY ROBBINS, who left this world A.D. 1692 ; she was a good mother, wife, and daughter :

Al good people, as you pass,  
 Pray *red* my hour-glass ;  
 After sweets and bitters it's down,  
 And I have left your pretty town.  
 Remember soon you must prepare to fly,  
 From all your friends, and come to *death*.

## 275. From the same place :—

This ston his sacred to the memory of poor old  
Master THOMAS BOXER, who was loste in the good  
boat Rouver, just coming home with much fishes, got  
near Torsbay, in the year of our Lord 1732:

Prey, good fiskermen, stop and drop a tear,  
For we have lost his company here ;  
And where he's gone we cannot tell :  
But we hope far from the wicked Bell.  
The Lord be with him.

## 276. From the same place :—

To the memory of my four wives, who all died within  
the space of ten years, but more *perticular* to the last,  
MRS. SALLY HORNE, who has left me and four dear  
children: she was a good, sober, and *clean wif*, and may  
I soon go to her—A.D. 1732 :

Dear wives, if you and I shall all go to heaven,  
The Lord be blest, for then we shall be even,

WILLIAM JOY HORNE, Carpenter.

277. From Barking, Essex. On SARAH RICK-  
ETTS, aged 68, 1767 :—

Here honest SARAH RACKETTES lies,  
 By many much esteem'd,  
 Who really was no otherwise  
 Than what she ever seemed.

278. From Lee, Essex. On Mr. WILLIAM HAMPTON :—

*As Mary mourn'd to find the stone removed  
 From over the Lord, who was her best belov'd,  
 So Mary mourn'd that here hath laid this stone  
 Upon the best belov'd husband gone.*

279. On JONX COLE, who died suddenly while at dinner :—

Here lies JONXNT COLE,  
 Who died, on my soul,  
 After eating a plentiful dinner;  
 While chewing his crust,  
 He was turn'd into dust,  
 With his crimes unrepented, poor sinner!

280. From Leigh Delamere Churchyard, Wilts :—

Who lies here? Who do 'e think?  
 Why, old CLAPPER WATTS, if you'll give him some  
 Give a dead man drink?—for why? (drink.  
 Why, when he was alive he was always a-dry.

281. From Lambeth Churchyard, on WILLIAM WILSON :—

Here lieth W. W.  
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

282. On a Miser :—

Reader, beware of immoderate love of gold:  
Here lies the worst of thieves, who rubbed himself.

283. From the Old Cemetery, Newport, Monmouthshire :—

On JAMES AUSTIN, Engine-driver.

"He was a man."

SHAKESPEARE.

284. From the same place. On a Scotch Piper :—

To the memory of MR. JOHN MACNEIL, late piper to His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, and a native of the Highlands of Scotland :

Died April 2<sup>d</sup>th, 1851, Aged 46 years.  
Far from his native land, beneath this stone,  
Lies JOHN MACNEIL, in prime of manhood gone;  
A kinder husband never yet did breathe,  
A finer friend ne'er trod on Albyn's heath;  
His selfish aims were all in heart and hand,

To be an honour to his native land,  
As real Scotchmen wish to fall or stand ;  
A handsome *Gaor* he was of splendid form,  
Fit for a siege, or for the Northern storm.  
Sir Walter Scott remarked at Inverness,  
" How well becomes Macbeth the Highland dress ! " —  
His mind was stored with ancient Highland lore ;  
Knew Ossian's songs, and many Bards of yore ;  
But music was his chief, and soul's delight,  
And oft he played, with Amphion's skill and might,  
His Highland pipe, before our Gracious Queen !  
Most Ladies gay and Princesses scene !  
His magic chanter's strains pour'd o'er their hearts,  
With thrilling rapture soft as Cupid's darts !  
Like Shakespeare's witches, scarce they drew the breath  
But wished like them to say, " All hail, Macbeth ! "  
The Queen, well pleased, gave him, by high command,  
A splendid present from her Royal hand :  
But nothing aye could make him vain or proud,  
He felt alike at Court, or in a crowd ;  
With high and low his nature was to please,  
Frank with the Peasant, with the Prince at ease.  
Beloved by thousands till his race was run,  
Macbeth had ne'er a foe beneath the sun ;  
And now he play'd among the Heavenly bands,  
A diamond chanter never made with hands.

## 283. From Wosborough Churchyard :—

Here lyeth the body of ISABELLA, the wife of John CARRINGTON :

Who had 9 children dear,  
  a died before her,  
5 are living heart ;  
  Kind to her husband,  
Faithful to her friend,  
  And a loving mother,  
Till her life did end.

Who departed this life 6th Aug., 1674.

## 286. From Wortley Churchyard :—

WILLIAM ROGERS, of Rask, died August 25th, 1771,  
  aged 49.

The man that lies here  
  To pride was not inclined ;  
By endeavours and care  
  He left something behind.

## 287. From the Wesleyan Chapel, Wakefield :—

Her manners mild, her temper such !  
Her language good, and not too much.

## 288. From America.

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in East Tennessee :—

"She lived a life of virtue, and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of twenty-one years, seven months, and sixteen days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

\*

## 289. On the Distinguished Clown, GRIMALDI :—

Here I am.

## 290. On the Comedian, Foote :—

FOOTE from his earthly stage, alas! is hasted :  
Death took him off who took off all the world.

## 291. On the Actress, Mrs. Oldfield :—

This we must own in justice to her shade,  
'Tis the first bad exit OLDFIELD ever made.

## 292. From Clerkenwell Churchyard :—

Near this monitor of human instability are deposited the remains of ANN, the wife of ——. She resigned

her life the 8th day of November, 1784, aged thirty-seven years.

She was!—

But words are wanting to say what!  
Think what a wife *should* be,  
And she was that.

(See Nos. 4, 189, and 196.)

293. From Caermarthen Churchyard:—

The Old must go, We all agree,  
So must the Young, Wee plainly see  
Repent in time, and seek for Grace,  
This world is no abiding place.

294. From the same place:—

Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,  
A man's good name is his best monument.

295. From the same place. On THOMAS HUGHES,

Mariner:—

Having served for many  
Years in the royal navy,  
He spent his later years  
In the coasting trade.

296. From the same place, on the tomb of Mrs. Jones, Eng. :—

This notice is here given, if any person or Persons do any Damage to this Tombstone will be subject to a Penalty of Hundred Pounds for such deed, to be paid to the official Clergyman of this Parish.

297. From Wrexham Churchyard :—

Born in America, in Europe bred,  
In Africa travell'd, and in Asia wed.

298. From Byford Churchyard :—

As you are in health, and spirits gay,  
I was, too, the other day;  
I thought myself of life as safe  
As those that read my epitaph.

299. From Wrexham Churchyard :—

Here lies five babes and children dear,  
Three at Qwestry, and two here.

(See No. 176.)

300. From the same place :—

Here lies Jane Shore,  
I say no more,  
Who was alive—  
In sixty-five.

301. From New Jersey :—

Died of this shoe, January, 1859.

302. On CRETION of Tarentum :—

Who once had wealth, not less than Gyges' gold ;  
Who once was rich in stable, stall, and fold ;  
Who once was blessed above all other men  
With lands—how narrow now, so ample then.

The idea here contained is nicely amplified in Shakespeare's play of *Henry IV.*, Act v., Scene 4. Prince Henry, as he bends over the fallen Hotspur, says :—

When that his body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth is room enough.

303. From Tamworth Churchyard :—

To the memory of  
MARY KNIGHT, aged 25 :

She faded from the sight as flowers  
 In summer fade ; she vanished as the rain  
 After sultry showers ; she sank pale and lovely,  
 Like the frosty snow, which in the sunbeam  
 Melts ; and we have laid her in her peaceful  
 Resting-place, to wait the coming of her Lord.

304. From Painswick Churchyard, near Stroud,  
 Gloucestershire :—

My wife is dead, and here she lies,  
 Nobody laughs and nobody cries ;  
 Where she is gone to, or how she fares,  
 Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

305. From Ireland :—

Here lies Mrs. CASEY,  
 Who taking her *sister* is,  
 With the points of her toes  
 And the tip of her nose  
 Turned up to the roots of the ditches.

306. From Wales :—

She had two bad legs and a very bad cough,  
 But it was the bad legs that carried her off.

This is on the authority of Major Austin, but I am informed a fuller edition of it is to be seen in a Devonshire Churchyard. (See 310.)

307. From a Churchyard near London :—

Stop, reader! I have left a world  
In which there was a world to do;  
Fretting and stewing to be rich—  
Just such a fool as you.

308. From St. Mary's, Shrewsbury :—

Let this small monument record the name  
Of BAILEY, and to future times proclaim  
How, by 's attempt to fly from this high spire,  
Across the Sabine stream, he did acquire  
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,  
Or courage to perform the task, he fell;  
No, no; a faulty cord being drawn too tight,  
Marred his soul on high to take her flight.  
Which bid the body here good-night.

Feb. 2nd, 1739. Aged 34.

309. From Wapley, Gloucestershire :—

A time of death there is,  
you knew full well.

But when, or how 'twill come,  
no man can tell.  
At midnight, morn, or noon :  
remember then,  
Death is most certain, though  
uncertain when.

## 310. From Devonshire :—

Poor MARY SKELL, her's gone away ;  
Her would if her could,  
But her couldn't stay ;  
Her had sore legs, and a badish cough,  
But her legs it were that carried her off.

## 311. From Lichfield, Connecticut :—

Sacred to the memory of inestimable worth, of unrivalled excellence and virtue [then the name], whose ethereal parts became seraphic on the 23rd day of May, 1867.

## 312. From San Diego :—

Here lies the body of JAMES HAMERICK, who was accidentally shot on the Fucus River by a young man. He was accidentally shot with one of the large Colt-revolvers, with no stopper for the cock to rest on. It

was one of the old-fashioned kind, brass-mounted, and  
of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

313. On a Linen-draper:—

Cotton and calico all adieu,  
And muslin, too, farewell;  
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,  
Three-quarter, yard, or ell.  
By nail and yard I've measured ye,  
As customers inclined.  
The churchyard now has measured me,  
And nail'd my coffin bind.

314. From Llanfylantwthyl, Wales. On an  
Organ Blower:—

Under this stone lies MIRFATHII MORGAN,  
Who blew the bellows of our church organ.  
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,  
Yet never so pleased as when *piper* he was filling.  
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,  
Though he gave our old organ many a blast!  
No puffer was he, though a capital blower;  
He could blow double C, and now lies a note lower.

315. From Bury St. Edmunds. On a Printer:—

Like a worn-out type he is returned to the founder, in  
hopes of being re-cast in a better and more perfect mould.

316. From a Churchyard in Essex:—

Here lies the man RICHARD,  
And MARY his wife;  
Their surname was PRITCHARD,  
They lived without strife.  
And the reason was plain :  
They abounded in riches,  
They had no ease or pain,  
And the wife wore the breeches.

317. On Mr. JONES, a celebrated bone merchant:—

Here lies the bones of WILLIAM JONES,  
Who, when alive, collected bones ;  
But Death, that bony, grizzly spectre,  
That most amazing bone collector,  
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy,  
That here he lies in *dead-fife*.

318. On a Photographer:—

*Here I am, taken from life.*

319. On a Mrs. PENNY :—

Reader, if eash thou art in want of any,  
Dig five-feet deep, and you will find a PENNY.

320. From Penclawdd Churchyard, near Swansea  
Upon an only child :—

I will make my first-born higher than the Kings of  
the Earth.

321. From Mathern Churchyard, Chepstow :—

To the memory of JOSEPH LEE, who died in 1825,  
aged 103 years.

Joseph Lee is dead and gone,  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He used to wear an old deer coat,  
All buttoned down before.

322. On "JOHNSON LADDIE."

In the Brachlach burying-place, near the Fort  
George Station, may be seen the following  
epitaph on one of the tombstones there :—

Sacred to the memory of a character, JOHN CAMERON,  
"Johnson Laddie," a native of Campbeltown, Argyllshire.

who died there August 26, 1858, aged 65 years. Erected to his memory by public subscription:

Sixty winters on the street,  
No shoes nor stockings on his feet ;  
Amusement both to small and great,  
Was poor "Johnnie Loddie."

323. From Poundstick Churchyard, Cornwall:—

Both soul and body coming here to try  
The things of earth they found but vanity ;  
So shaking hands with all he left in love,  
His body's here, his better part's above.

324. From Bakewell, Derbyshire:—

The local powers here let us mark  
Of PHILIP, our late Parish clerk :  
In church neare ever heard a Layman,  
With a clearer voice say Amen.  
Who now with Hallelujah's sound  
Like him can make the roof rebound ?  
The choir lament his choral tones,  
The town so soon—here lie his bones.

325. From the same place:—

In memory of JOHN DALE.

Know, all posterity, that in the year of grace 1797 the  
rambling remains of the above said John Dale were laid  
upon his two wives :

This thing in life might cause some jealousy :  
Here all three lay together lovingly ;  
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,  
Alike are here all human joys and woes.  
Here old JONX's rambling SARAH no more fears,  
And Sarah's chiding John no longer hears ;  
A period's come to all their toilsome lives :  
The good man's quiet. Still are both his wives.

336. From Leek Churchyard :—

*As I was, so be ye ;  
As I am, ye shall be ;  
That I gave, that I have ;  
What I spent, that I had ;  
Thus I end all my cost ;  
What I left, that I lost.*

337. From Montmartre Cemetery :—

Here lies A. R.  
Who at the age of eighteen  
earned £40 a year.

## 338. From a tombstone in Connecticut :—

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,  
 The wife of Deacon AARON STRUTE :  
 She died of drinking too much coffee,  
 Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

## 339. From Bolton Churchyard, Lancashire :—

She was, but words fail me to say what—  
 Just think what a wife should be, and she was that.

(See Nos. 4, 189, 196, and 292.)

## 340. From Bath Abbey :—

Herr lies ANN MANN ;  
 She lived an old *Maid* and she died an old *Mann*.

The pun of the above is equalled by the epitaph

## 341. On OWEN MOORE :—

OWEN MOORE is gone away,  
 Owls' more than he could pay.

## 342. From Wrexham Church :—

Here lies inter'd beneath these stones  
 The beard, the flesh, and eke y' bones  
 Of Wrexham's clerk, old DANIEL JONES.

333. From Silkstone Chuchyard :—

JOHN TAYLOR, of Silkstone, potter, died July 14th, 1815, aged 72; HANNAH his wife, died August 15th, 1815, aged 66 :

Out of the clay they got their bread ;  
 Themselves of clay (or dust) were made ;  
 To clay returned, they now lie dead ;  
 In chuchyard clay all must be laid.  
 His wife to live without him tried,  
 Hard found the task, fell sick and died ;  
 And now in peace their bodies lie,  
 Until the dead be called on high,  
 New moulded for their home—the sky.

334. From Edinburgh :—

Here lies JOHN and his Wife  
 JANET McFEE :  
 40 hse—30 shee.

335. On THOMAS DAY :—

Here lies THOMAS DAY,  
 Removed from over the way.

## 336. From Lambeth Churchyard, Surrey :—

On MARY, the wife of WILLIAM CURRITT, who died  
February 2nd, 1785, aged 51.

She was, but words are wanting to say what—  
Think what a wife should be, and she was that.

(See Nos. 4, 189, 196, 292, and 329.)

## 337. On Mr. Woodcock :—

Here lies the body of Thomas Woodcock,  
The most loving of husbands and amiable of men.

N.B.—His name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't rhyme.

Erected by his loving widow.

## 338. On a Barren Woman :—

Here lies the body of barren Mrs.  
Who had no issue but one in her leg;  
But while she was living she was so cunning  
That when one stood still the other was running.

## 339. On Sir WILLIAM CURTIS :—

Here lies WILLIAM CURTIS, late our Lord Mayor,  
Who has left this here world and gone to that there.

## 340. On a Coroner who hanged himself :—

He lived and died  
By suicide.

## 341. From St. Nicholas, Yarmouth :—

Here lyeth yr body of  
SARAH BLOOMFIELD,  
Aged 74.  
Cut off in blooming yathe, we can but pity.

## 342. From Pewsey Churchyard :—

Here lies the body of  
LADY O'LOOKEY,  
Great niece of Burke, commonly called  
the sublime ;  
She was  
Bland, passionate, and deeply religious :  
Also she painted in water-colours,  
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.  
She was first cousin to Lady Jones.  
And of such is the kingdom of heaven.

## 343. On a Quack :—

I was a Quack, and there are men who say  
That in my time I physicked men away.

And that at length I by myself was slain,  
 By my own doings taken to relieve my pain.  
 The truth is, being troubled with a cough,  
 I, like a fool, consulted Dr. Gough,  
 Who physicked to death at his own will,  
 Because he's licensed by the State to kill.  
 Had I but wisely taken my own physic  
 I never should have died of cold and 'isick.  
 So all be warned, and when you catch a cold  
 Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold.

344. On a Teetotaler. Taken from the *Europton Magazin* of March, 1796 :—

Herr lies NED RAXD, who on a sudden,  
 Left off roast beef for hasty pudding ;  
 Forsook old stingo, milt, and stale,  
 And every drink for Adam's ale ;  
 Till flesh and blood, reduced to batter,  
 Consisting of mere flour and water,  
 Which, wanting salt to keep out must,  
 And heat to bake it to a crust,  
 Mouldered and crumbled into dust.

345. From Dortmund Cemetery, Westphalia :—

Heinrich Bruggeman heinrich,  
 Nach dem Himmel reise ich,

Will mal sehn was Jesus macht,  
Liebe Bruder, gute nacht.

## 346. On Robin Hood :—

Hear underneath this latil stean  
Laiz ROBERT EARL of Huntington,  
Nea arcir ver ar hic en grud,  
An pipel hould him Robin Head.  
Sech astur ar he an is men  
Vil England alor si agen.  
Obit 24 Kalend, December, 1247.

## 347. From Hewelsfield, near St. Briavels :—

Farewell, vain World, I know enough of thee,  
I value not what thou canst say of me ;  
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,  
All's one to me, my head lies quiet here :  
What thou see'st amiss in me take care to shun ;  
Look well at home, there's something to be done.

JONNA EDWARDS,

of Harthill Court,

Died November 14th, 1838.

## 348. From St. Nicholas', Yarmouth :—

Here lies JOHN MOORE, a miser old,  
Who filled his cellar with Silver and Gold.

(b) Old Moore he cried, old Moore, old Moore,  
 'Twas clear he would not close the door,  
 And yet cried (a) Old Moore, Old Moore.

## 349. From the same place, on a Dyer:—

Here lies a man who first did dye  
 When he was 24,  
 And yet he lived to reach the age  
 Of hoary hairs fourscore.  
 But now he's gone, and certain 'tis  
 He'll not dye any more.

## 350. From the same place:—

Here lies JOHN WHINSTEAD, Parish Beadle,  
 Who was so very knowing;  
 His wisdom's gone, and so is he,  
 Because he left off growing.

## 351. From the same place:—

Here lies one, a sailor's bride,  
 Who widowed was because of the tide;  
 It drowned her husband—so she died.

## 352. On a Member of the House of Lords:—

## Ultimus Domum:

Don't be a fool upon this wall,  
 You need no education, but I will.  
 Who tells us that in foreign lands  
 There is a house not made with hands:  
 Or must we gather from these words  
 That house is not a House of Lords!

## 353. From New Jersey:—

She was not smart, she was not fair,  
 But hearts with grief for her are swellin',  
 All empty stands her little chair:  
 She died of eatin' water-melon.

## 354. From Berkeley Churchyard. On a fool:—

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,  
 Men called him DICKY PEASCE:  
 His folly served to make folks laugh,  
 When wit and mirth were scarce.  
 Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone—  
 What signifies to cry!  
 Dickys enough are still behind,  
 To laugh at by-and-by.

## 355. From the same place :—

Here lyeth THOMAS PRINCE, whom no man taught,  
 Yet he in Iron, Brass, and silver wrought ;  
 He Jacks, and Clocks, and watches (with Art) made  
 And mended, too, when other worke did fade.  
 Of Berkeley five tyme Mayor this Artist was,  
 And yet this Mayor, this Artist, was but Grasse.  
 When his own Watch was Downe on the last Day,  
 He that made watches had not made a Key,  
 To wind it Up, but Vocleuse it must lie,  
 Until he Rise Againe no more to die !

Died the 23d of February, 1665. Aetatis, 77.

## 356. On a Pig-butcher at Cheltenham :—

Here lies a true and honest man,  
 You scarce would find such a one in ten ;  
 For killing pigs was his delight,  
 Which art he practised day and night.

357. From Hewelsfield, near St Briavels. On  
 HENRY BROWN, who died Sept. 10. 1794.  
 aged 48 years :

It was an Imposthumc  
 In my Breast

That brought me to  
eternal Rest.

358. On a Good Wife. From Streatham Church,  
Surrey :—

REBECCA, wife of WILLIAM LYNNE,  
who died in 1663.

Might I ten thousand years enjoy my life,  
I could not praise enough so good a wife.

359. A monument in the same church bears  
testimony to the virtues of

ELIZABETH, wife of Major-Gen. Hamilton,  
who was married near forty-seven years,  
and

Never did one thing to disoblige her husband.  
She died in 1746

360. From the Churchyard of Aloes, Elgin, the  
following account of another Good Wife is  
copied from a gravestone dated 1580 :—

Here lies  
ANDERSON OF PITTESEN,  
Maine of the Earldom of Moray,  
With his wife Marjory,  
Whilk him never displicit.

361. On an Author:—

FINIS.



## INDEX TO NOTED AND EMINENT CHARACTERS.

Note.—The Figures refer to the Number of the Example.

Adams, Mr., son of	167	Carey, Andrew, son of	16, 69
Anonymous ..	239	Casper, William ..	208
Auditor, son of ..	274	Castille, ..	303
<i>sc.</i>		Carrie, son William ..	199
Bawden, Archdeacon ..	63		
Bearce, William ..	225	Dick, Thomas ..	145
Barris, Robert ..	184	Dupont, son of ..	313
Bucksville, John ..	24	Elyson, Mrs. ..	172
Bull, William ..	188	Fawcett, son of ..	248
Bunnett, James Gordon ..	183		
Burke, Mr. ..	175	Gilbert the I., III ..	245
Handwriting samples— 116, 117	112	Govt., on one troubled with ..	193
Burn, North, son, etc. ..	205	Hargrave, ..	151, 257
Buzz, son of ..	28		
Chesterton, Rev'dd	168	Hawthorne, Sophia ..	22
Debutante, son, etc. ..	156	Hawley, son of ..	163
Wrightson, Lord ..	39	Hawley, Sir A. ..	199
Harris, John ..	141	Hawkins, Mr. ..	126
Harris, Robert ..	67	Hawthorne, Mr. ..	241
Hawes, Lord ..	207	Hawley, Robert ..	171
Hawley, Whisky-shop ..		Hawley, Whisky-shop ..	202
Chapman, son of ..	114		
Charles, King ..	242	Hawthorne, Rev'dd, son of ..	179
Chasten, Col. ..	236	Hawthorne, Mr., Wm. ..	72
Clegg, Mrs. John ..	226	Hawthorne, the 3, son ..	259
Child, son of ..	129	Hawthorne, son, from, etc. ..	23
Child, John ..	276	Hawthorne, Francis ..	29
Collett, son ..	176		
Collins, John ..	44	Hawthorne, John ..	254
Combe, Mr. ..	230	Haworth ..	199
Cooperman ..	204	Hawthorne, Robert ..	149
Corbett, Mr. ..	209	Hawthorne, Mr. ..	237
Coxe, son of ..	249	Hawthorne and wife ..	191

## INDEX

Ber Gora, on	169	Pagan, epithet	99
Bethel, on <i>an</i>	169	Paganized	100
Bethel, on <i>an</i>	169	Patten, Dr.	172
Bethel, on <i>an</i>	169	Perry, Matthew	100
Bethel, on <i>an</i>	169	Protest of Dissent	13
Blame, G. P. R.	168		
Jack and Jane	167	Quince, on <i>a</i>	161
"Jonathan Dellowed," on the		Quince, sprig	161
Author of	162		
Gibbon, George	19	Saint Max, <i>on a</i>	160, 161
Johnson, Ben	86, 163	Salter, John	160
Kinney, Thomas	160	Saltus, on <i>a</i>	161
Edited by a puppy	162	Sand, Daniel	16
Knight, Charles	160	Santy, Murphy	16
Lancaster, Jonathan	161	Shakespeare	9
Landlord, on <i>a</i>	16	Simple case	161
Lawyer, on <i>a</i>	16	Sorley, on <i>a</i>	16
Llewellyn, William	16	Sot, John	16
London Cook	16	Sprinkbrook, on <i>a</i>	16
Long, Miss	16	Steele, Pat	161
Lord, Member of House of	162	Stokes, Mrs.	161
McPherson Jones	162	Stone, Mrs.	161
Miles, on <i>a</i>	160	Strange, Sir John	161
Miles, on <i>a</i>	16, 161, 162, 163	Sutler, John	161
Miles, Owen	161	Suspicion, on <i>a</i>	16
Miles, Owen	161	Talbot's Worm, on <i>a</i>	161
Miles, Owen	161	Temperance, on <i>a</i>	161
Miles, Owen	161	Tennyson, Count	161
Miles, Owen	161	Thomé, Christopher	161
Miles, Owen	161	Tippler, on <i>a</i>	161
Meyerov, Ben ISAAC	161	Vigourous, on <i>a</i> bad	161
Neil, Honest	161	Vigil	161
Norton, Roger	161	Waddington Marquess	161
N., E.	16	White, John	161
OAKFIELD, Miss., the Address	161	Wife, on <i>a</i> French	161
Old one	161	Wife, on <i>a</i> Virtuous	161
Organ Swallow, on <i>an</i>	164	Woodcock, Mr.	161
Parry, on <i>a</i>	161	Woman, Sir Henry	161
Penton, Edward	160	Woman, on <i>a</i>	161
Pennell, Thomas	16	Wren, Sir Christopher	161
Perry, Miss	161		
Pagan, epithet	161	Yessenthal Cox.	87
Photography, on <i>a</i>	161		
Poel, on <i>a</i>	16		
Pope Adrian	161		

## INDEX TO PLACES.

Note.—The Figures refer to the Number of the Epitaph.

ABERCONWY	.	137	CANTERBURY	.	100	
ALBAN, St.	Abbey	.	123	CANTERBURY, SOMERSET	.	107
ALDRIGHTON	.	75	CHALFORD	.	134, 325	
ALTON	.	219	CHAMBERS IR-CLAY	.	24	
AMERICA	In the	101, 102, 212	CHICHESTER	.	63, 235	
		223, 228, 314, 328	CHIPPING SOULSBY	.	234	
ANGLO-SAXON	.	96	CHURCHILL	.	23	
ARLINGTON	.	96, 102	CHURKINWELL	.	232	
BATHEaston	.	106	CLEVEDON	.	23	
BALFOUR	.	324, 325	CORK	.	23	
BANTHAMS	.	247	CRAVEN	.	23	
BARKING	.	272	CROYDON	.	232	
BARNET	.	168	CROYDON, SURREY	.	232	
BARNES-UPON-SEVERN	.	93	CROES	.	23	
BARNSTAPLE	.	23	CROWE	.	178	
BARTHOLOMEW	.	28	CUNNINGHAM	.	232	
BATH	.	33, 45, 46, 47, 102	DAWMORTON	.	172	
BEAUFORT	.	158	DEVON	.	23	
BERKSHIRE	.	324, 325	DEVONSHIRE	.	23, 230	
BEVERLEY	.	128	DEUTSCHLAND, WIRTSCHAFT	.	235	
BEDFORD	.	3	DEWEY, IRELAND	.	233	
BEDFORD	.	226	EARL GLOUCESTERSHIRE	.	233	
BEDFORDSHIRE	.	239	EDINBURGH	.	234	
BEDFORD'S CASTLE	.	70	EL	.	232	
BEDFORDSTOWN	.	224	ELLEN	.	232	
BELTON	.	229	ELTON COLLEGE	.	23	
BENEDICTINE	.	223	EMERSON	.	232	
BENEDICT, St.	.	223	ELST	.	23	
BENTON	.	114	FERGUSON	.	232	
BEXLEY	.	223	GLOUCESTERSHIRE	.	23	
BEXLEY	.	229	GROTHAM	.	23	
BURY ST. EDMUNDS	.	103, 302	HARROWELL	.	232	
BYFIELD	.	228				
CARMARTHEN	223, 224, 225, 226					

## INDEX.

Huddersfield	376	Orchard	49
Hunley	297	Ottery-Sainte-Mere	183
Huntingdon	133		
Hunsold, near St. Ives	345	Paignton	104
Hyde	257	Paulton Wharf, London	128
High Wycombe	209	Penbrokeshire	177
Holme, near Lyngton	44	Pencarrow	120
Homesdown	76, 273	Pewsey	142
Houghton, Herts	20	Plymouth	110
Hylton	159	Poole	174
Taunton	36, 395	Potashack	193
Jessup	193	Prussia, near Weymouth	1
Kane, Kanz	111	Priory	163
Kensal Green	215, 217	Retro Carreraat	174
Kent	274, 275, 276	Rew	188
Kingsgate	22	Ribby	125
Lambeth	214, 215	Ripon	19
Leek	255	Salsbury	62
Leigh Delamere	260	San Diego	218
Llanberis	213	Scotland	21
London	207	Sefton	243
Loughor	256, 257	Sheffield	212
Lymington	22	Shrewsbury	228
Macclesfield	271	Shropshire	222
Market Bosworth	206	South Wales	270
Marshall	14	St. Paul's	63
Merton	205	Suffolk	177
Metheringham	271	Sunderland	22
Monkwearmouth	4	Swaffham	224
Montgomeryshire	40	Swansea, 192, 193, 195,	196, 200
Monsal	212		
Mossmoor	207	Tarvin	212
Mowbray	209	Tawstock	203
Newark-on-Trent	130	Tawstock	193
Newbury	209	Thermon	113
Newington	209	Thirsk	162
New Jersey	201, 202	Thornham	201
Newport, Mass.	204, 205	Thornham Parva	201
New York	214	Trebbinham	201
Northampton	103	Trethowan	201
Norwich Cathedral	176		
		Upton-upon-Severn	122
		Venice	132
		Wansdyke	267
		Wales	6, 57, 206, 214
		Wapley	209
		Wesley	182

*INDEX.*

171

Wadmore	.	.	.	93	Woodham	.	261, 295, 300, 332
Wandsworth Abbey	.	.	.	131	Wansford	.	245, 248, 249, 300, 332
Wansley	.	.	.	194	Vans	.	292
Wanslowe	.	.	.	21	Vans	.	292
Wanslowe	.	.	.	187	Yorkshire	.	245
Wansley	.	.	.	200			
Wanslowe	.	.	.	205			

THE END.



